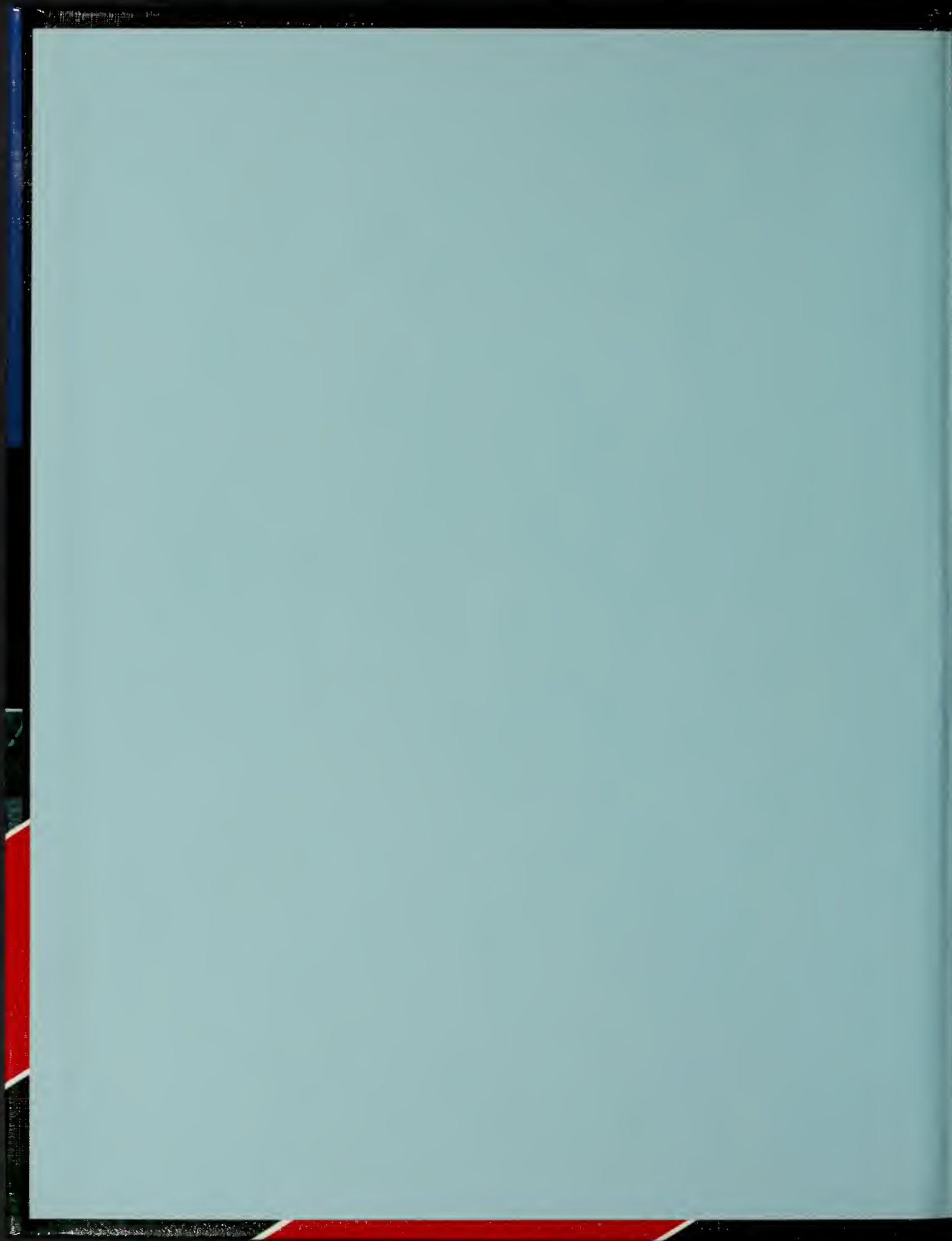


A nighttime photograph of a modern building with large windows and columns. The building is illuminated from within, and the sky is dark. The text "UMASS - BOSTON 1984" is overlaid in red at the top.

UMASS - BOSTON 1984

20th Anniversary
EDITION





UMB 1984

Jeffrey W. Walker Editor-in-Chief

Lygia B. Walker Associate Editor

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Special Thanks to Chris, Roy, Ms. Remick, Pam Wasserman, Susie Norris, Sheldon Kalick, Billy Squires, David Letterman, Michael Dukakis, NBC, Boston Globe, Boston Gas, Boston Celtics, Toiletman, Fish, and Queen Pouda



Why is memory sometimes so wildly inaccessible, a flurry of images that center around an incident in one's life, making them use the phrase, "I remember."

But does anyone really remember what anything is like? Can the brain really create from the past the past itself in the present? We do not remember everything. And what we do recall is a hazy glimpse of what we've shaped into our own little fiction; memory rarely rings true.

We vaguely retain "firsts" like crossing the street alone, first love, first hamster; historical dates, chemical equations, and the Pledge of Allegiance. I suppose everything is in there, stashed away in the dead pet compartment. We all claim memory as part of ourselves. We remember, no matter how inconsequential, inaccurate, or inarticulate.

What do we remember? Little things and big things. But to what extent and to what end? Do we really remember Hiroshima? If so, how can there be any doubt about such similar future horrors? And can we recall the first moment of human life from that metaphoric sea of beginnings? or the metaphysical finger of god? We think we know, we think we remember, tie a string around your finger.

We do know that memory holds only some of what's really reality. A tape recorder of emotions, the mind never plays back at the pure pitch. Illusion is memory for memory is only a second look at what's already gone down.

And nothing can be like anything else except itself. Only "a" can equal "a." You can never step into the same river twice.

Every moment different from every other, it's impossible to remember, to recreate that moment as there is nothing but itself like it. All remains deposited in the memory bank.

Life a river, flowing to future, memory the banks that define the water, holding it, stretching so far back we can not see it all. Memory banks of the river Experience: The currency of a Yearbook.

1882: COLUMBIA POINT

Barely visible, pictured below, in the distance and almost submerged. UMB's roots in the swamps of what is now Columbia Point. For as many years as local history recalls, the area served as a "Calf Pasture." Roughly 100 years later, opposite, the current site of UMB remained unrealized potential, a barren landfill in a neglected section of Boston.



1967

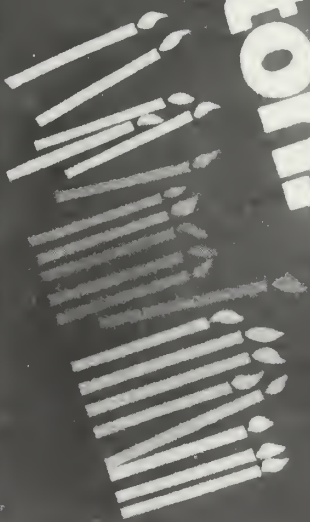


1971

After intense differing opinions between state and school, UMB began construction at Columbia Point, giving the Point purpose. And now, ten years after the Harbor Campus' completion, we point to UMB as a landmark of public higher learning in Massachusetts.



Happy 20th UMass/Boston!



This advertisement appears at no expense to the Commonwealth.

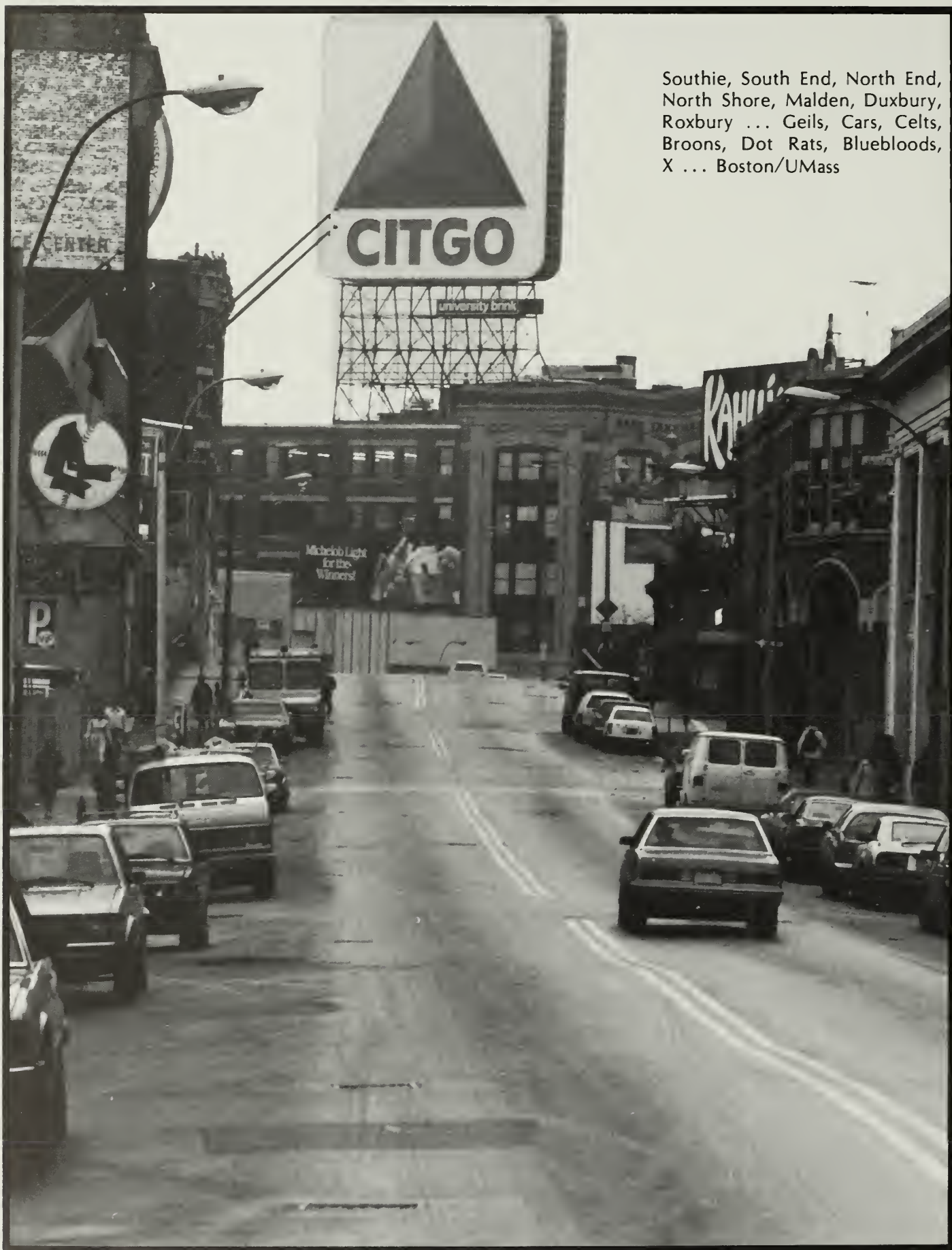
ACKENLEY





BOSTON





Southie, South End, North End,
North Shore, Malden, Duxbury,
Roxbury ... Geils, Cars, Celts,
Broons, Dot Rats, Bluebloods,
X ... Boston/UMass



Rats in a Leap Year

Welcome to Rats Alley,
 Rats above, rats (below)
 All the rats in our lives,
 In our institutions;
 Rats involved with land grants —
 A rat with a can of Tab.
 "Rats Survive 'The Day After'"
 Good rats and bad rats; Rats,
Rats, he said, foiled again.
You dirty rat, you killed . . .

Rat rat. You told, you told.
 Ratatat, Got you. Huh!
 "Ben, the two of us need look
 no more/We've both found . . ."
Beware the Savage shore . . .
 Shakespeare, born in the Rat.
 "Shakespeare, he's in the Alley . . ."
 I balanced on my boot-
 heel uneasily,
 Standing on a dead rat.



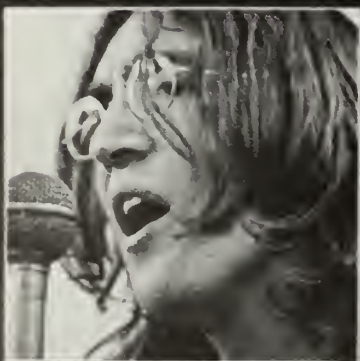
LET IT BE



E.T.B. JR

TWENTY YEARS AGO . . .

LET IT BE



E.T.B. JR

THE BEATLES SECOND ALBUM

ELECTRIFYING BIG-BEAT PERFORMANCES BY ENGLAND'S
Paul McCartney, John Lennon, George Harrison and Ringo Starr

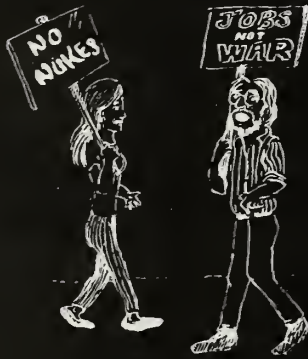


featuring
**SHE
LOVES Y**
and
**ROLL OV
BEETHOV**

Capitol
ALBUMS



1963	JFK assassinated First T.V. pictures from space
1964	Beatles first trip to America
1965	U.S. Marines land at Da Nang, beginning U.S. role in Vietnam
1968	Anti-war demonstrations at Democratic National Convention in Chicago Martin Luther King assassinated Robert Kennedy assassinated
1969	Woodstock Festival Appollo 11 lands first man on moon
1970	Kent State shootings Jimi Hendrix overdosed Jim Morrison overdosed Janis Joplin overdosed
1972	Nixon resigns after discovery of his Watergate
1975	U.S. Troops withdraw from Vietnam
1976	America's Bicentennial
1979	U.S. Embassy taken by Iranian Students
1980	John Lennon assassinated
10/23/83 6:22 am	Marine Headquarters in Beirut bombed
11/4/83	U.S. invades Grenada
1984	Geraldine Ferraro announced as Vice Presidential Candidate



50,000
years ago

Man first scratched crude images
on cave walls

5,000
years ago

Sumerians created world's first
written language to write the first
history books, the first epics, the
first medical prescriptions, the
first receipts, and the first tales of
creation

1635

Boston Latin School founded

1636

Harvard University founded, first
college in U.S.A.

1642

Massachusetts Bay Colony passes
first compulsory education law in
America

1780

Future President John Adams
founds Academy of Arts and
Sciences in Boston

1820

First primary schools for black
children open in Boston

1839

First normal school in U.S. opens
in Lexington with one instructor
and three female students

1852

The Boston Normal School, even-
tually Boston State College, opens
with 86 female students

1860

First kindergarten for English-
speaking children in U.S. opens
on Beacon Hill

1964

The House of Representatives and the Senate of the Commonwealth of
Massachusetts join with Governor Endicott Peabody in enacting Chapter 562 of the
General Laws of the Commonwealth approving establishment of the University of
Massachusetts at Boston

1965

Classes open in Park Square with 1200 students

1966

The Mass Media, the student newspaper, begins publishing

1968

Board of Trustees chooses Columbia Point site

1969

First Commencement

1970

University is divided into two liberal arts colleges, Colleges I and II

1973

College of Public and Community Service opens

1974

Harbor Campus at Columbia Point opens

1974

First graduate degrees offered by the University of Massachusetts at Boston

1975

College of Professional Studies opens (now College of Management)

1977

College of Arts and Sciences is formed by reuniting Colleges I and II

1979

Board of Higher Education proposes consolidation of University of Massachusetts at
Boston with Boston State College

1980

Board of Regents of Higher Education is created

1981

Dedication of the Joseph P. Healey Library

1981

Clark Athletic Center opens

1982

Boston State College is consolidated with the University of Massachusetts at Boston

1982

First doctoral program offered by the University of Massachusetts at Boston

1982

WUMB Radio begins broadcasting at 91.9 FM

1983

The Twentieth Anniversary Celebration of the University of Massachusetts
at Boston begins



**The Score
Higher**



Well, nineteen years, really. Legislative gestation began in 1964, classroom operation one year later. So there are officially nineteen candles on the UMass/Boston cake. But twenty, the number chosen by school officials in 1984, is appropriate. The University is like its students; neither fits the pattern of other Massachusetts universities — public or private. Consider how many UMass/Boston students start and finish in a straight eight semesters. More like three years and a summer session, or eleven semesters, eleven years. Time is of little concern. Likewise for Anniversaries. UMass/Boston students arrive when they will, pay what they can, and leave after learning as much as any kid at any other school. But the University is still learning. Six years younger than its average undergraduate's age, the University is a late bloomer as well, coming of college age in the eighties.

Born of noble 1960's idealism, UMass/Boston's original blueprint championed equal education for every citizen. A Classic Education was to be made available to the previously underprivileged sons and daughters of the American working class. "Anything that detracts from this fundamental work of a university must be regarded as inimical to all its aims," wrote Paul Gagnon in the University's Statement of Purpose in 1965. The good old days. By very nature, a time of university sponsored draft counseling, resisters' fund, and the occasional faculty/demonstrator

*Pictured, The University of
Massachusetts at Boston
Founding Faculty*

arrest. A park Square Campus leased from Boston Gas, an armory, Avis Rent-a-Car. Sherry Thomas, UMass/Boston '72, currently Director of University Information Services, remembers "Wordsworth, Hardy, Yeats, and Frost a la Nelson in the Hale Lounge on Thursday afternoons, with Duncan presenting songs and roses for all on the first sunny day of spring." Students and faculty formed a community, UMass/Boston downtown, the brain of the streets. Everything seemed to be coming up roses. It was decided the University would be granted its own facilities.

In 1966 Trustees and legislators perused an initial list fifty locations long, including the Watertown Arsenal, NASA site in Cambridge, and Copley Square. The University's Park Square people believed Copley Square, just blocks away and still in Boston, the best possible site for the best education in this best of all possible worlds. "We would have even helped them carry boxes and desks," commented one former student. But Student/Faculty resources were not called upon by the school's power source. To the Banker and Business minded Trustees, there was no other site but the cheap and barren Columbia Point, an area of former City Dump, P.O.W. Camp, and Calf Pasture.

And so public higher education was picked up and moved down the expressway, around the corner, and smack dab in the middle of a narrow peninsula in Dorchester. "After all," one school official was quoted on the Waste Land locale, "We'd only be displacing rats." Rats indeed. The Copley Square site would have placed the University in the center of the

Hub, Boston shining, glinting off its \$350 million monument to Public Higher Education. Columbia Point, however, did not smell so rosy. In fact, it stunk like "rotten eggs," one trustee noted. And it stunk of more than just a dump site's methane gas.

A 1973 Dorchester/Columbia Point Task Force Report tells why Columbia Point in the end: "It was not tax producing land,

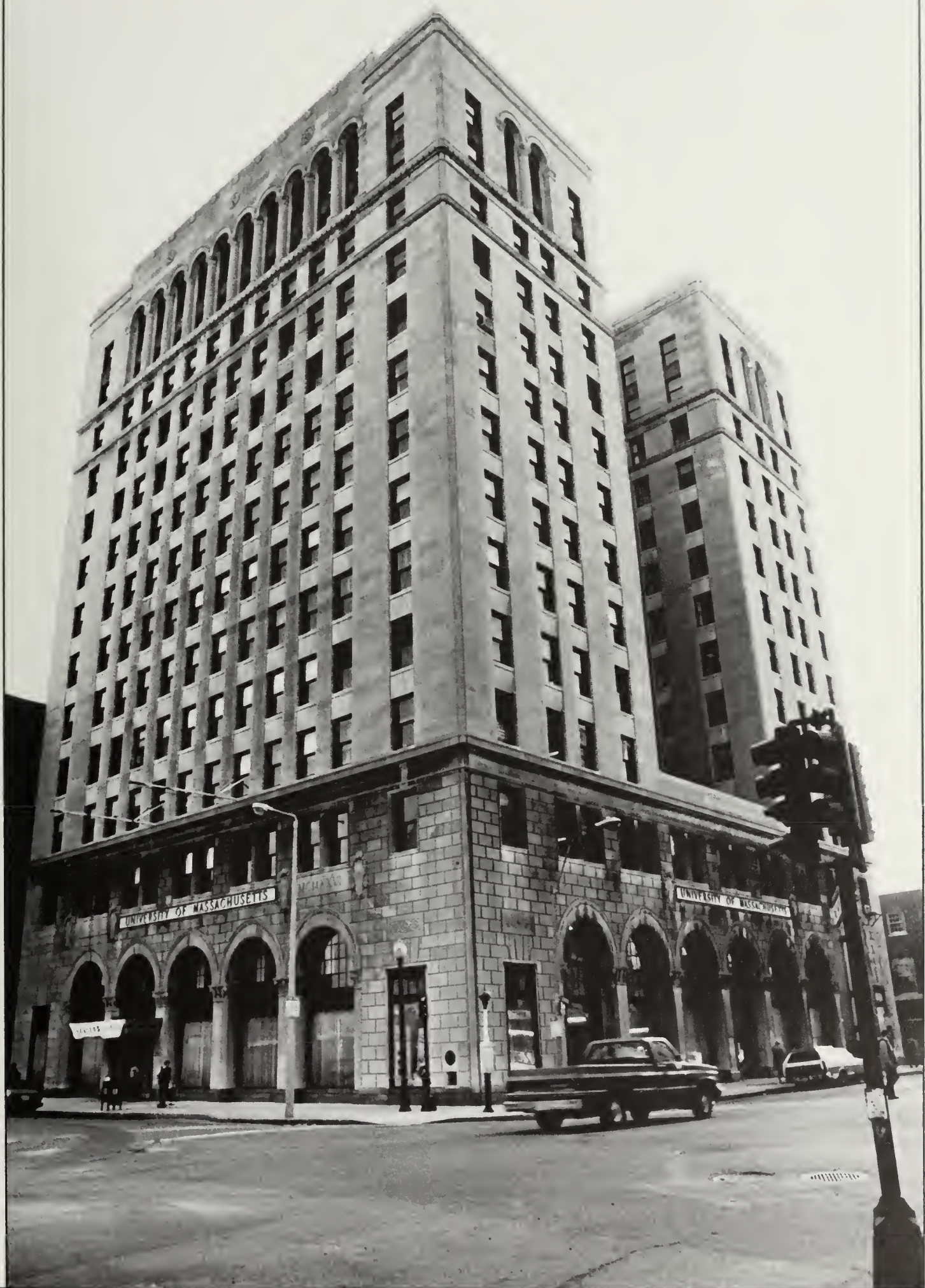
Dirty-white seagulls once loomed brilliant on the Bay-blue horizon.

nor were tax producing uses seeking to locate there ... Land acquisition costs were minimal ... Lastly, what better place could be found for unruly and possibly fractious students than on a peninsula jutting into the harbor with only one access road and 6,000 housing projects residents for their only neighbors." The decision to stick UMass/Boston on Columbia Point reflects Hancock Life's interests as well, Hancock owning the Point and wanting its own offices on the Square. UMass/Boston didn't have a chance downtown. Instead, the fledgling University was positioned upon the Point. A place where thousands of dirty-white seagulls once loomed brilliant on the Bay-blue horizon, swooping to pick at Boston's garbage. And though

seagull's were largely absent, the droppings began to surface with UMass/Boston's construction in 1970. Deep piles were driven far into the seaside marsh filled with twenty year's trash; piles to support the "red-brick monstrosity" to be erected there. Above, Logan-bound air traffic's screams were shut out with extra sound proofing. Below, gas pumps pumped the methane from this asshole of the city. It would not have made a pretty picture for any school's beginnings, and it did not develop as such for the University. Of \$350 million allotted for eleven buildings, only six were constructed for \$130 million. UMass/Boston's legislative foundation was shaky, to say the least. Eventually, the Columbia Point University building project would become known for its bribery and sloppy building practices; a couple local politicians would be sacrificed down the tubes. And of course, the original neighbor of UMass/Boston's Harbor Campus, the Boston Globe, would follow only the problematical and soggy legislative first steps, zeroing in on the muck from across Morrissey Boulevard.

The move to Columbia Point was definitely a step that changed and shaped the University's future. And the problems began almost immediately. Ironically, the first disaster was a break in the main sewage line. And later that year, a performance of "The Construction Workers" — a play by an original faculty member that students are still required to read — would provide further dramatic irony in the opening celebrations of the new 020 Theatre.

So long Park Square, hello Dorchester Bay.



To date, people comment not on the University's educational concerns, or its minority, elderly, and low income students, but still talk of the "skimming" of the Harbor Campus' buliding contracts. The shortcuts are now, ten years later, most apparent. Inside the University appears twice its age, the sorriest of all UMass/Boston stories. Bricks are loose and falling; tiles on every walkway are cracked and shattered; circulation is poor, keeping air unseasonably hot or cold; ceiling panels sag, chunks of carpet are missing ... But I hereby flush the remains of this scandal, leaving such University Heritage up in the air — as what is passed.

Dorchester, Massachusetts. A poor old section of Greater Boston. In the early seventies, the time of UMass/Boston's "siege" of Columbia Point, sixteen per cent of Dorchester's families were receiving some form of public assistance; the area had less than one-third as many college students as the rest of the city. Not exactly a bastion of change and academic concerns, Dorchester was "outraged" at the prospect of UMass/Boston. Horror shows of urban renewal and ousted elderly were projected to citizens. Local opposition coalitions and petitions circulated the area, bad-mouthing the University. Dorchesterians did not want an influx of those snotty Cambridge types, the ones they'd been subjected to every time they left their parish. At first, UMass/Boston reportedly bought off town leaders. Later, concessions were sold: use of swimming pool, the opportunity to audit classes free of charge, the use of vacant rooms for community functions. In these, at least, UMass/Boston

would become an asset to the community. But what Dorchester's leaders did not vocalize, if realized, was that they were about to have a University not merely in their midst, but in their "income bracket" as well. UMass/Boston was designed for the education of people like Dorchester.

Dorchesterians feared that UMass/Bostonians would run them out of town and erect high priced high-rises in place of the long standing triple

*UMass/
Boston was
the generic
label for the
problems at
hand.*

decker homes where they lived — and rented. Such renovation would have probably turned Dorchester into an Allston/Brighton type student ghetto. But this never happened. I asked a landlord of several "triples" in the Columbia road area closest to Columbia Point to comment. He acknowledged, remaining anonymous, that landlords on the whole wouldn't mind a little renovations. "I rent to anyone," he said. "... some around here will only rent if there's government comp. (Section 8 subsidy) They get more for their place that way ... The property still brings in money." When asked if UMass/Boston students were a problem, he remarked, "Look around. Do you see many students? Any renovation?"

Across Dorchester Avenue, a Hispanic with a waxed mustache and shaven head appeared to be making arrangements with two lads in shorts, turf shoes, athletic socks stretched over their calves. All three could have been UMass/Boston students, but most likely were not. The University population remains outside of Dorchester outside of University hours.

However, the original reports of UMass/Boston's siege of Dorchester coupled with the legislatively scandalous building contracts triggered media coverage as if the poor had been slaughtered by the rich's cadillac. In all such print, the name "UMass/Boston" was the culprit, the generic label for the problems at hand. In 1984 the former Dorchester rage seems a questionable whiplash case — though definitely an indication, if misdirected, of the stench surrounding the entire development of Columbia Point. The long ranging effects of all such issues, however, centered on the University, establishing in its very foundation a severe psychological complex it has yet to outgrow.

Boston. A city with its own complex. San Francisco trolley cars, London double-decker buses, and an unreliable subway system make it all but impossible for a scheduled arrival to the Harbor Campus. A city where people from everywhere attend dozens of schools of higher education and leave for the summer. MIT, BC, BU. UMB. The sole public university of higher education struggles to gain recognition in this town of letters. Dr. Sheldon Kalick, UMass/Boston Psychology Department, commented on the school's self. "It's like Cooley's 'Looking Glass Self'" Kalick said.

"A looking glass self of UMass gives that we are an untouted University in Boston and we have to prove ourselves to other schools . . . As a University our image fails in that we don't see ourselves in the world as we know we are."

Reasons for this seeming self consciousness are recurring, reverberating still from UMass/Boston's beginnings at Columbia Point.

To initiate this \$130 million project, January 28, 1974, 5700 students arrived and attended classes. Rather spare, even for a public school. But this unheralded first day was a message, an exhibition of the powers in Boston granted to private schools. These imitation Ivy Leaguers — none of the complaining schools were among the city's best — feared the growing University's cut-rate tuition. They attempted to keep UMass/Boston invisible, veiled in negative press. They did not want their students migrating from the more expensive private schools. They tried to hide the University. And this, of course, is absurd: How do you camouflage 12,000 or so low income and minority students? Put them on a peninsula in Dorchester. And to this day in 1984, there is no sign anywhere near the buildings at all, announcing "The University of Massachusetts at Boston." One anonymous Vice Chancellor jokes that out-of-state friends once drove by the University and asked if it wasn't dangerous to have a prison so close to the highway. UMass/Boston has an image problem.

And this complex extends well inside the school as well. From the glass-paneled, computer-terminaled Library Archives, visions of history being rewritten surface as one finds virtually no written history, newsclips —

nothing on the University heritage. Evidently, UMass/Boston has not initiated preserving much sense of its history, good or bad. Very little, and cautious at best, oral tradition exists as well. Most faculty, students, and administration requested not to be quoted in this article. One faculty member went so far as to say he "never want(ed) to be on record as ever having said anything regarding this university." Another, upon hearing of this reporter's intentions to discuss UMass/Boston with Boston University chieftan John Silber, ranted, "Don't ask him (Silber) how B.U. sees UMass. He would love that . . . a picture in their newspaper, front page. 'UMass Man Asks B.U.'" Be it former bad press, previous pressure from the privates, or just plain youth, UMass/Boston is easily intimidated outside its own Harbor territory.

Inside, UMB knows its own strengths. The biggest news with this school has always been the quality of education made available to the general public — at a price most anyone, with financial aid readily available, could afford. Most faculty members hold Ivy League PhDs, twenty-five per cent from Harvard — higher than any university outside Harvard itself. Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis assured me in an interview that "your place offers a first-rate education." But even the pro-UMB Governor elaborated on little else pertaining to the University. Several other politicians, including Mayor Flynn and Senator Kennedy refused interviews. Obviously UMass/Boston is treated as low priority by prominent politicians. Either that, or the "place" is considered an extremely sensitive issue.

Ultimately, the University continues to make the mistakes of a young adult still struggling with its financially supportive parents and more worldly peers. As late as 1980, students were holding "sit-ins"; fifty sat in the Chancellor's stairwell, the only access to the administration in this cautiously constructed "60's minded" building. Their demand, a greater participation in the school's governance body, was solved with token appointments. And the following year, 1981, students rallied in true UMass/Boston tradition on the Boston Common. As students before them had protested the invasion of Cambodia, and the death of Martin Luther King, 1981's students chanted before the Statehouse gates, too late. The legislative bulldozer had started once again, this time shoving Boston State College down to the former city dump in one of the sloppiest unions in educational history. Without the consent, knowledge, or regards of students or faculty, UMass/Boston had a sister.

The "merger" with Boston State was about as efficient and well received as a fusion of two separate bodies into Siamese Twins. Adoption plans were announced August 21, after talks began all of three weeks earlier. Actually, a merger was due January 1982, but the State Board of Regents of Higher Education, advisory committee to the Statehouse, couldn't hold it anymore. Determined to join the schools with exigency's bazooka rather than a well-planned solder, the Board recommended the merger, then forced it through budgetary process. The State's fiscal budget that year "clustered" funds for UMass, Boston State, and the community colleges. The budgetary hack-job short changed public higher education

by \$6 million, accelerating the combination of the city's only two schools of higher learning.

Late August, 1981, students were notified by mail that classes would start later that fall, due to the merger. Yet, in spite of this supposed "instant merger," classes were held at Boston State throughout the '81-'82 school year. One Boston State student, again nameless, recounts the typical merger story. "Most teachers lost faith ... In my Sociology class the professor left for another school mid-semester, and there was no one to fill-in." This same student also worked for the Management Department. There, the Department Head had left for a job at an Alabama university. Evidently, the UMass/Boston people did not check on Boston State or respond to its problems. The work-study student remembers that "he (the Department Head) was only in town one day a week. I graded papers, signed incompletes ... He didn't care, he was already gone ... I think I filled out most the graduation forms for Management degrees that year. No one else seemed to ... it was so sloppy. So much equipment and books were stolen. People felt cheated ..."

And unfair it would continue. That Fall semester, 1981, three hundred UMass/Boston part-time faculty were laid off, and close to one hundred full-time from Boston State. UMass/Boston only accepted professors from its sister-school with PhDs, regardless of work experience, teaching record, or terminal degree. In true exhibition of legislative concern for public higher education, every "classified" or unionized State worker was retained. Teachers of some note were allowed to wash away, while every single

cafeteria worker was imported to the Harbor to sling another helping from the Board of Regents.

In 1984, the merger remains a messy digestion. It "was not so much the action itself as the way they brought it about," commented one former Boston Stater. Others maintain that the fusion was harmful, forcing two different types of students together, limiting the programs of one group — the Staters. Regardless, merger troubles have not yet subsided. Three years later, new requirements for "transferred" Boston Staters slow down their graduation; others find their records have been misplaced, misread, or lost in the shuffle to UMass/Boston. And there are still deeper conflicts for some former Boston State people, conflicts of "spirit."

Professor William Squires remembers, "The kids from 'Bo State' were renegades from their parents. They were losers and they had the brains and the ability and they didn't want to follow their father's foot steps going to Boston College ... I'd say eighty per cent of the faculty knew that was the type of kid, and they said, 'you know, we're going to see how far this kid can really go.' And they were amazed." When asked how that spirit had transferred to UMass/Boston and the Harbor Campus, Squires responded, "Not at all."

U Mass/Boston. That's the shorthand of it all, right there in its title. I mean, doesn't that "/" in the middle of the school name bother anyone? That "/" indicates UMass/Boston's isolation from Boston. That's geographically as well as psychologically. That's ironic,

considering the University's student body consists of a fair cross section of the city's population. But "Boston" caters to the imports, those students paying \$10,000 a year to attend the other schools. This is, after all, America, and by nature the more expensive product is granted preferential allowances.

Take B.U., and recently Simmons College. Both are publicly fearful of UMass/Boston's "cut-rate" tuition. B.U. has reportedly been behind an Anti-UMass/Boston campaign from the start, becoming involved in the "no publicity" first day of classes as discussed here earlier. But further than little media skirmishes, these schools have regularly opposed Fine Arts, Library Science, and Engineering courses at UMass/Boston, actually stopping these classes from being offered at a public school in Boston. Deals have been struck between the State Board of Regents of Higher Education and the private foes of UMass/Boston. As this Board consists of mainly private school representatives, including B.U., and UMass-Amherst's nonsupportive Chancellor these deals are like shaking one's own hand — in favor of the privates. It is not difficult, for instance, to have the Board prohibit UMass/Boston from offering an Engineering Degree Program. UMass/Boston Engineering majors receive two years' courses at the Harbor Campus, but must then transfer to a private university to finish their degree. The State, because UMass/Boston "cannot" offer this degree, picks up the tab, paying for the ten times higher private school rate. And this does more than cost UMass/Boston needed funding. This engineering restriction appears to the world as an inadequacy of UMass/Boston, rendering it "not as good" as

the private schools. And this of course, as the private schools have made it impossible for UMass/Boston to offer a public engineering degree, is how the private schools most definitely fix their competition. The State of Massachusetts, by complying with such restrictions, is in effect *paying* to keep its public University of higher education on a lower overall academic level. And this limitation in spite of national statistics which reflect concern for the smaller number of U.S. Engineering graduates as compared with the Soviets and Japanese. Doesn't that "/" between "UMass" and "Boston" bother anyone?

The \$2.1 billion "significant export industry" of private schools pump steady funds into both City/State. Still, the Legislature is reluctant to provide adequate flow to its own Harbor Campus. An anonymous founding faculty member in Chemistry commented. "When this school was built we had a budget to equip ourselves with the best. But as the years go by they (the Statehouse) just don't seem to understand that this equipment must be maintained, replaced, and updated . . ." The State just can't seem to grant enough to its public higher education, opting instead for cut-backs, mergers, and payments to private schools while restricting UMass/Boston's overall academic offerings and growth.

This is, of course, all tax and budget and land and money related, a system between the power sources in Boston and the government. And UMass/Boston, as a tax-funded school, flounders helplessly in a Commonwealth of seemingly greater concerns. One must wonder why UMass/Boston ever came about in the first place — if it is going to be held back so

in its nineteenth year. In this respect, the school itself can be seen as very much like its student body: held in check by the societal limitations imposed on their freedom of education. With UMass/Boston, these former ropes appear to have been cut. Yet close inspection of the school's progress reveals that these educational restrictions for minority and poor have merely been loosened. UMass/Boston does teach the previously

Every single cafeteria worker was imported to the Harbor Campus.

underprivileged, yet it is not allowed to teach them everything another university could. For fear of stealing the fire from the older private schools, the young "common" university remains chained in its aspirations.

But perhaps this is part of the real reason such a seemingly good project like UMass/Boston was started in the first place. Maybe the true workings of this school remain in its original bowels, built into its very design — and exemplified by its early scandals. In a way, it seems that UMass/Boston was constructed to loose the State money, to suck taxes like a sewer-hole, thereby maintaining some strange sort of balance in the Commonwealth. This has been a

popular view of cynical insiders. But this is only heresay. As stated here before, no one of any true knowledge will address the real issues of UMass/Boston, preferring instead to keep the public in darkness, and cut off from State aid as well as knowledge.

But enough of this depressing speculation, enough methane gas, prison jokes, and Boston snobbery. Enough dirt on UMass/Boston. The school is experiencing growing pains. It is approaching the average age of its undergraduate constituency, coming of college age. It now seems appropriate, as it prepares for its future, that UMass/Boston cleans up its act, and keep its original purpose in mind. To effect this change the University of Massachusetts at Boston must do some cutting of its own. UMass/Boston should remain a generic school, offering namebrand learning affordable to the poor, crippled, veteran, minority, and any other that may fit into the class of those who don't fit into the private school system. UMass/Boston should only allow these folks admission. After all, there will most likely be enough poor to fill a meager six buildings on an otherwise barren Point for years to come. Private school transfers should not be allowed. UMB requirements should demand that the degree candidate be low income, from a previously uneducated family, and able to learn — "Basic Studies" schools should be established to help potential UMass/Boston students achieve the standard necessary to enter the University.

UMass/Boston must do some cutting of its own and sever itself from its aggressors, from Boston and Dorchester, from the other Universities.

Take a chainsaw to Columbia Point, releasing The University to float freely in the clearer water of previously undetermined intellectual seas. Take the underprivileged and teach them previously denied yachting skills.

Subtract "Boston" from the school name. Subtract private school favoritism and bad press and the quality of public higher education could only rise.

Toss that strangely meaningful "/" into the Harbor with all its symbolic cutbacks and mergers.

Remove the "University of Massachusetts" from the name as well. Ask anyone where UMass is and they tell you "Amherst." And Amherst, the so-called flagship of the State universities, pretends to be a private school, snubbing its Harbor Campus.

And if "UMass" belongs to Amherst, the "/" to the City/State, and the "Boston" to Boston private universities, that leaves just "The University" to the poor and working class student. And this is as it should be.

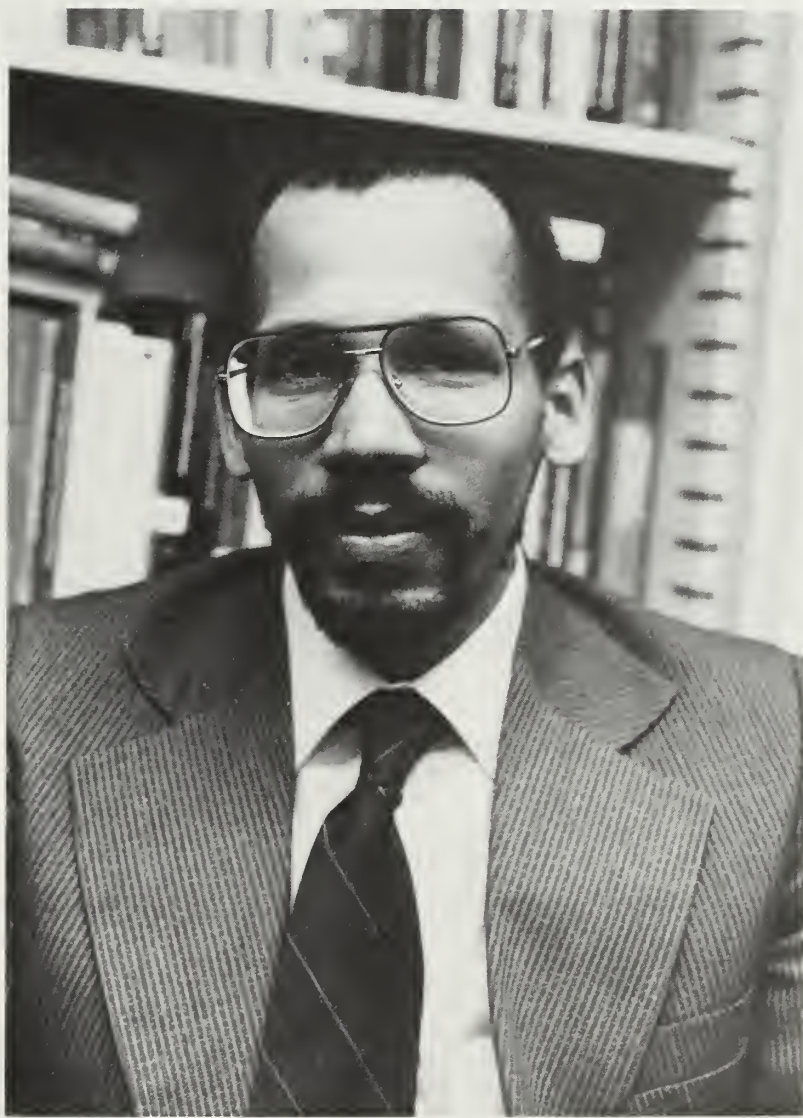






CPCS

250



I congratulate the CPCS graduates of 1984. I do this, not only as Dean of the College, but as a citizen of the Commonwealth. In the latter capacity I am especially concerned about major social, economic, and educational issues facing us. This concern is lessened somewhat, by virtue of CPCS's graduating class. The graduates of this College are adult learners who have been exposed to a unique higher education. We hope we have provided our graduates with important career skills necessary to survive in our rapidly changing technological society. But just as important, we also hope that your experience at CPCS has shown you how to use your own strengths, experiences and insights to help yourself, and those around you; indeed, we hope that we have prepared you for public and community service in the Commonwealth, and our society.

James Jennings
Dean of CPCS



TEN EXPANSIVE CPCS YEARS! AND LOOKING UP!

The College of Public and Community Service, a unit of the University of Massachusetts at Boston, opened its doors in the fall of 1973 to students who wanted to combine liberal arts and public service career educations. Given its name and mission to serve such students, CPCS has emphasized public service in every aspect of its program. The vital heart of CPCS is its student population of 1100 urban adults, with an average age of 35, who represent the racial and ethnic diversity of urban Boston. They range in age from the twenties to over seventy. Most of the latter are enrolled in the College's Gerontology Program.

The Gerontology Program, in fact, provides a good introduction to Public Service at CPCS. It provides, on the one hand, education to an underserved population, in this case mostly older people who have typically been away from formal education for decades. Approximately thirty students each semester work to earn a certificate which attests to their competence as service providers with elders. On the other hand, field research activities in the program, done by students and faculty together result in publications, conferences, and consultations that have had a major impact on services and social

policy in the state. Gerontology is one of many public service programs and activities at CPCS that will be examined in the Boston area as an invaluable part of our state of public higher education.

From its inception CPCS was set on a public service course. In his February 5, 1971 charge to a planning committee, UMB Chancellor Francis Broderick noted that a logical next step for the University would be "to found a college of public and community service that combined service that combined liberal arts and sciences with professional training for careers." Such a move "would enable the University to contribute to the quality of public and community service in the urban area." In its service to urban adult students, innovative curriculum, and central commitment to urban public service, CPCS would be different from other colleges in the entire university.

An organizing faculty group honored Broderick's vision. Students would be prepared to identify pressing social issues and to be advocates for people needing human services. As an institution, the college would engage in projects, programs, research and social policy analysis which will provide training situations for

CPCS students, while simultaneously assisting institutions to improve their performance in public and community service. Faculty would be encouraged to do research on issues related to public and community service.

CPCS enrolled its first students, 300 urban adults, in the fall of 1973. In 1975 Joseph Champagne, in a publication done for the University of Houston, selected CPCS out of 397 college and university programs he studied as one of three institutions to feature for its public service record and potential. Champagne described the CPCS curriculum briefly and then said: "This program of public service meets two goals: an academic degree program and a direct community aligned service education. While this approach to public service differs from most traditional approaches, it does provide great service to the Boston community, has academic respectability for those who look down on public service, and is at the forefront of needed educational innovation for a large number of students who desire a degree, but who want a practical and applied base on which it is structured. This effort at Boston bears watching for its potential for much of urban higher education is far reached."

Greetings to the Class of 1984 - College of Public and Community Service.

CPCS enrolled its first students in 1973. You are a member of the tenth graduating class of the college. When we started CPCS we had many goals in mind — to create a community in which learning was recognized whatever its source; to bring together faculty and students representative of the economic, racial, and sexual diversity of Boston; to draw on faculty members with practical skills and knowledge and who honored the practical skills of students; and to create a community that would raise important community issues - even those that had been carefully avoided through the career and voluntary activities of the students and faculty making up the CPCS community.

In many ways the college has achieved these goals - or at least some of them. But it is also clear that the task is never finished. We must continue to be vigilant in our efforts to mold a truly representative and egalitarian community. We must constantly reaffirm our recognition that learning takes place constantly and everywhere. But more importantly we must creatively address the public and community issues that are so important for today and tomorrow. I do not need to spell out these issues. We hear the lists - starting most often with the threat of nuclear annihilation — because they are stated so often. What I do want to emphasize is the necessity to address them creatively. And to do that we must do three things. We must begin with a view of the future and not be oriented toward the past. We must expect, and be able to recognize serendipity, and be able to take advantage of those unexpected events when they occur. We need to be able to change directions without great difficulty. And finally we need to take risks — personal risks as well as professional risks. Look toward the future — be able to move in new directions — take risks. That is what makes us creative.

Be creative. Help move the goals and objectives of CPCS and this community forward. And the very best to all of you in those endeavors.

John H. Strange
Founding Dean CPCS
Faculty Member





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C



CPCS



THE GERONTOLOGY ASSOCIATION



The Gerontology Association is the student organization that provides a climate for intergenerational understanding and recognition of the Senior Community at the UMB Downtown Center at CPCS. Membership is open to members of the Gerontology Program and other interested students. The Association fosters knowledge and growth in the field of aging through discussions of pertinent issues and promotes involvement of its members through advocacy for elderly and other

important affairs.

During the year 1984, the Association promoted attendance at many workshops and conferences and was instrumental in assisting with the Conference on Special Concerns on Minority Elders. The annual Open House was very informative and well-attended this year. The final get-together was a great success as was the fund-raising event to benefit a special award that will be presented at graduation.



C R I M I N A L J U S T I C E

FACULTY FACES







1984

CPCS



Happy 20th
UMass/Boston!

Opera, jazz, radio shows, historic exhibitions, distinguished lectures, cocktail parties, portrait unveilings, Harbor Islands symposia, lounge dedications, musicals, scholarship presentations, barbecues, and fireworks all celebrated UMB's twentieth.

Pictured are some of the more exciting moments: left, the Yearbook advisor asserts that there will be Wild Turkey for all; below, the founding faculty tries to look pleased; opposite, some former UMB Chancellors looking like their portraits. A real thriller.





POLITICS '84

Talk
Talk
Talk



At UMB, MassPIRG holds voter registration drive for presidential primary.

Have you ever tried to speak directly to high ranking public officials in Massachusetts? This report spares the details of letters, phone calls, assurances by PR, press, scheduling, educational coordinators, and assorted others who refer the inquisitive citizen to other names at other numbers . . .

Six months after letters requesting interviews to discuss UMB in its 20th, Senator Tsongas and Mayor Flynn had not responded, Governor Dukakis and Senator Kennedy negatively.



In Boston, eight mayoral candidates slug it out at countless debates before Flynn knocks King down at the final polls.

UMB is no minor interest group; every Mass. tax payer is affected by it. Why, then, these politician's seeming ambivalence? Try and ask them some day.

At the press deadline three officials' offices replied no go.

A ten minute call from Dukakis was scheduled for 8:50 am the following morning. Equipped with the latest high tech tools of the trade, a \$1.99 phone-mike was hooked up. It was a sure bet the Statehouse would secretly tape the interview as well.

To start, Duke's Romantic notions were called upon. What, Romantically speaking, would he change about UMB if money were no object? His first thoughts about change were not the addition of athletics, books, or courses. His vision? That UMB, an Institute of Higher Ed for working class and poor, was what UMB should be; he would change nothing.

Asked how, from his legislative view, he saw the University work, Dukakis reported he was not close enough to a university to really say.

When questioned about UMB's image in Boston's largely private university tradition of government, the Governor confided that UMB offered a "first rate" education. More directly, could he discuss the differences between a school which lived through taxes and those pumping billions into the muddy Charles of higher education? Governor's response: UMB is a public school and the others private; UMB students are mostly over twenty five, from uneducated families, and working while attending college.

Throughout the interview, Governor Dukakis did not mention UMB by name, preferring to call it "your place," and school. The sole specific UMB detail mentioned was

DUKE'S STATEHOUSE WAVES TO UMB

the CPCS Gerontology Program as good in focusing on special urban problems. Overall, his comments were pro-UMB, though complex as a common knowledge fact sheet of the University.

But very few reading this will hear the Duke's actual words. It is not the equipment's fault — the \$1.99 special mike has served well in the past — and it must be made clear that during the phone conversation there was no audible electronic interference. Yet when the interview was played back, recorded dialogue was 100% Grade A gobbledygook. Someone had scrambled the frequency of outgoing Statehouse calls, blurring out most conversation with electronic obscenities interspersed with WBZ radio's morning sports, ads, helicopter traffic, Dan Fogelburg song, and trivia. What follows is a verbatim transcript of the message sent from the Governor's Office to the Yearbook Office.

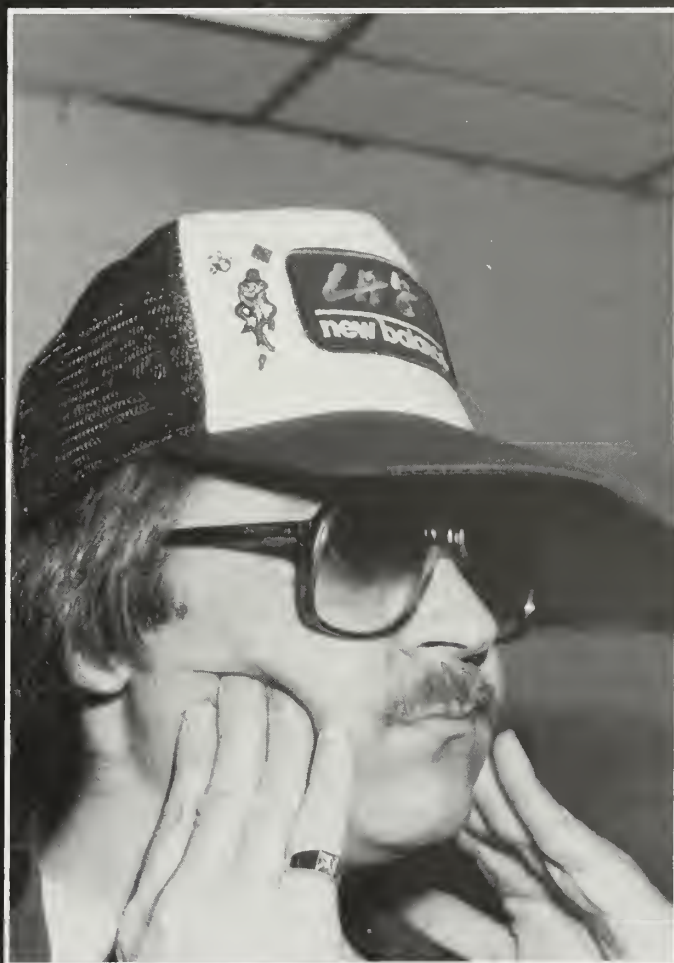
Governor's Office: *Ssspphhsh. ... the seventy two years ... hold? Baddrrmmp ... the news ... to keep his partnership ... today has been voted ... Nerrrmp.* Hello? Yearbook Office: Hello. G: Hi Jeff, How are you? Y: Good, how about yourself? G: *Brrroommmp ... Summer Savings Sale ... with the number one discount in the Northeast ... Ssshpp ... your choice just a dollar fortynine ... mail in rebate. save on every speaker in stock ... inside the giant summer savings circular ... Addrrmshshpsh* It's different from UMass Amherst ... *psss ... a first class ed. ... pss ... and yet gives them first class University level*

education. Y: Yes, that's where the University started ... their goal. G: Well, I think they're a long way toward achieving that goal. *psshpsphp ... you can't assume that because you're not across the river in Cambridge ... some kind of second class status to the place ... psshpsphshpsh ...* Y: I never considered it as such ... that was not the ... G: selling ... *bzzsshpsph ... selling short ... there's a terrific faculty over there ... First class, you know ... Increasingly I see a greater and greater role of the University in public policy ... The Gerontology ... Baddrrmmppp ... "I'm just a living legacy to the leader of the band ... My brother's eyes are different, oh they heard another call" ... bssrrrmhonahp* Y: Considering that money was no problem, would you have any changes for UMass? G: *"I thank you for the freedom, and the time when you don't talk ... I'm just a living legacy ... mpsst debris spread across ... he's headed in the wrong direction ... go to the extreme left ... downtown, not too heavy ... to Charlestown ... backed up ... stop and go to Washington Street ... good as they come towards Columbia road and UMass ...* Y: ... we are different. G: ... to look at yourself ... *bzzsrmm ... designed to make you cars and trucks perform ... and why you're so important to us ...* Y: How much money does UMB receive from the State? G: I wish I had that figure ... *psshshshsh ... with over 100\$ in discounts ... serving you in Waltham, Natick, Brockton, and Quincy ... down to the old short-hairs, ... bzzzrmghphshp ... you really have your work cut out for you, you who called ... Are you ready now to tie the score? ... OK. Where was the first Superbowl ... No, it was L.A. in 1967, Here's your final question, At what wharf was the Boston Tea Party in December of 1773. ... hHHrrmm* G: Nice chatting with you. Y: Thanks for taking time out ...



A
STORY
OF 1984:
SI
SEÑOR
RUN





SENIOR STUDY, SENIOR EAT,





SENIOR RUSH,





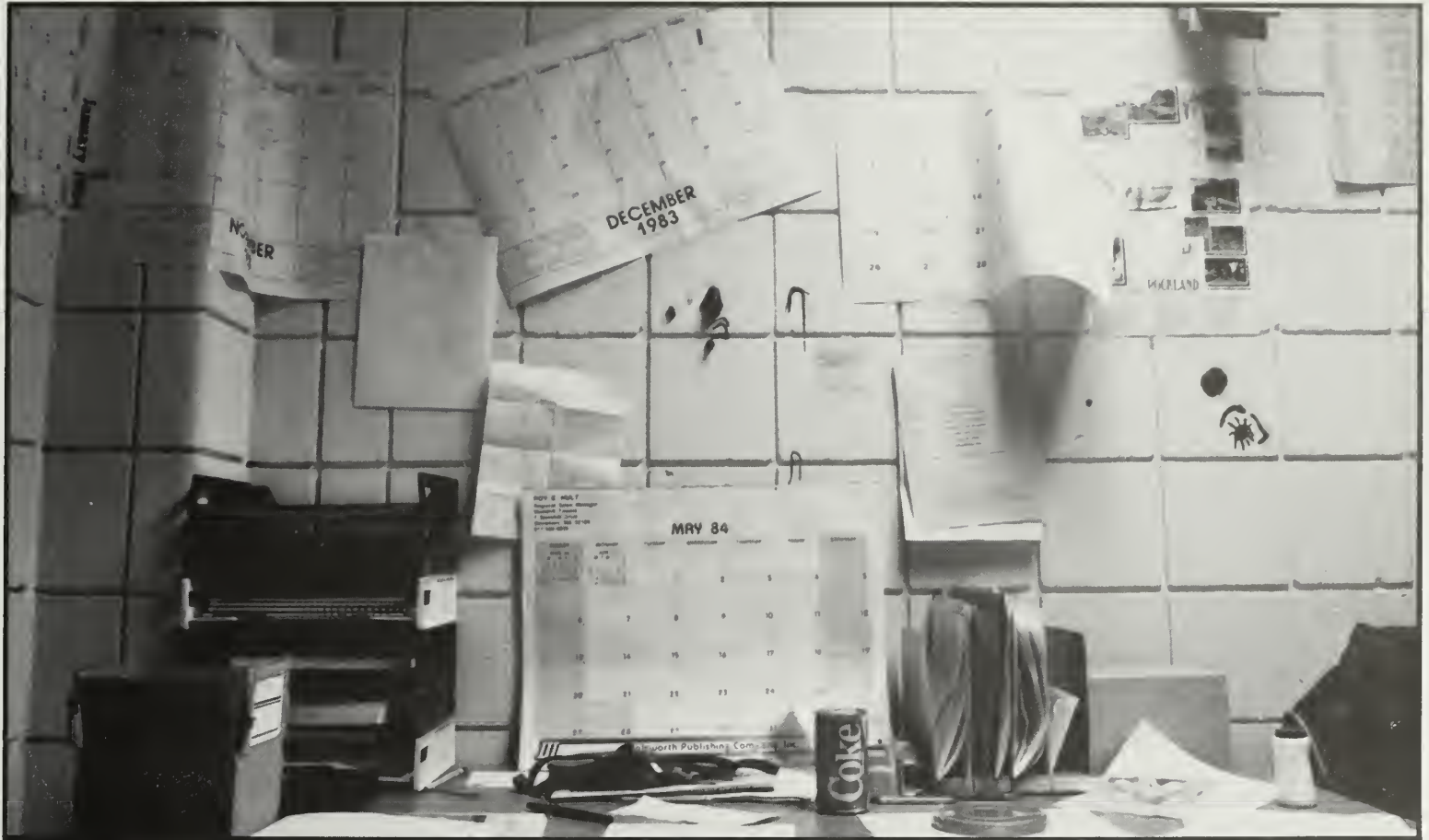
SEE SENIOR GO:





SENIOR SINK OR SWIM.





A story in every year, in every month, in each day, and every moment; in every class, in every classroom, in each assignment and everything learned. Pictured, 1984 Yearbook Editors' office.



SENIOR SURVEY

A.	<u>Enjoyed being a student at UMB:</u>	
	Always	29%
	Usually	51%
	Sometimes	12.6%
	Rarely	3.4%
	Never	3.4%
B.	<u>Satisfaction with UMB:</u>	
	Very satisfied	38.2%
	Somewhat satisfied	50.2%
	Somewhat dissatisfied	9.7%
	Very dissatisfied	0.5%
C.	<u>Made new friends while at UMB:</u>	
	A lot	51.7%
	Few	46.9%
	None	1.4%
D.	<u>Participation in extra-curricular activities:</u>	
	To a great extent	10.5%
	To some extent	15.5%
	To a very little extent	30.0%
	Not at all	44.0%
E.	<u>Satisfied with social/cultural activities offered</u>	
	Yes	33.8%
	No	11.6%
	No Opinion	54.1%
F.	<u>Student Government:</u>	
	Voted in at least one S.A.C. election	
	Yes	48.3%
	No	51.7%
G.	<u>Commencement:</u>	
	Intend to go to Commencement	
	Yes	73.9%
	No	17.4%
	Undecided	8.2%

I. The Decision to go to College:

To get a degree	73.9%
To broaden knowledge	69.6%
To get a job	58.9%
To learn more about self	39.1%
Parental pressure	8.2%
Don't know	2.4%

II. The Decision to Attend UMB:

Relatives and friends at UMB	42.5%
Lower Tuition	41.1%
Close to home	30.0%
Course/program offerings	23.7%
Availability of financial aid	15.0%
Other reasons	13.0%

A. Sex

(n=1202)

Female	57.7
Male	42.3

B. Age

Under 25	35.3%
25-29	30.0%
30-39	24.9%
40-49	05.7%
50 and over	03.9%

C. Marital Status

Single	70.0%
Married	21.3%
Seperated	1.9%
Divorced	5.8%
Other	1.0%
Have Children	24.6%

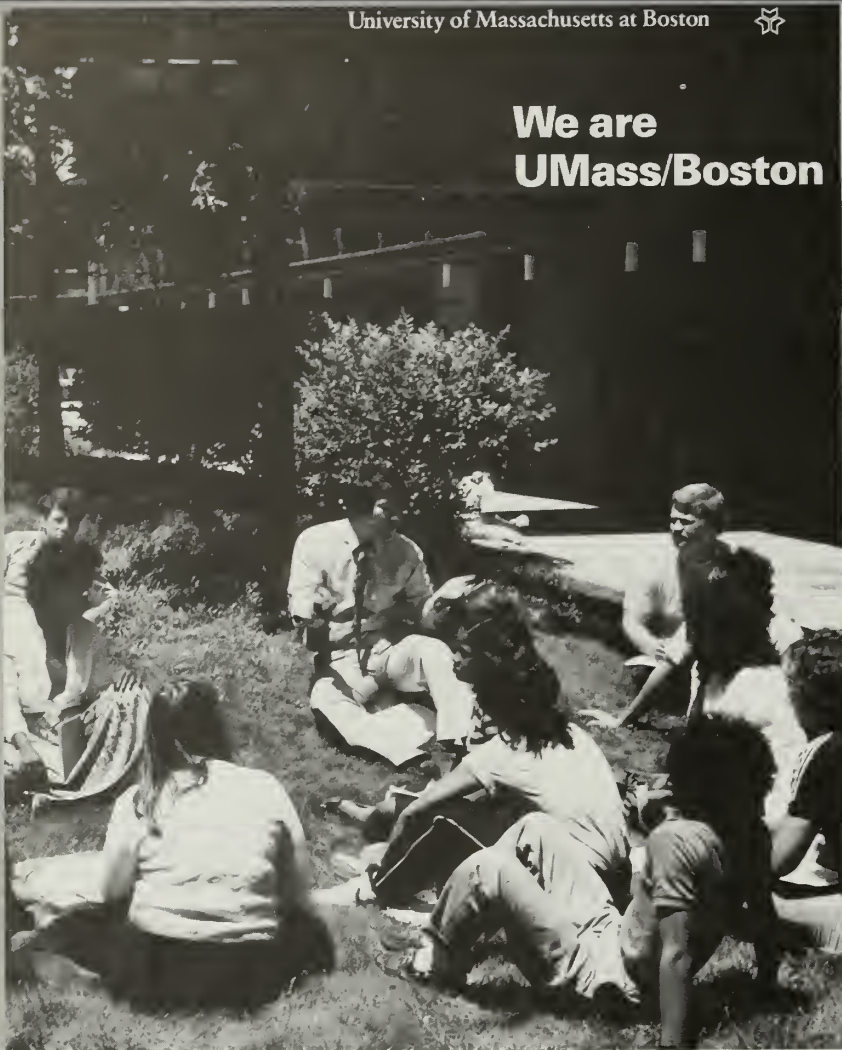
D. Veterans

7.4%

Statistics from
Office of Stu-
dent Affairs Sur-
vey 9/83.



**We are
UMass/Boston**



Fellowships

Benefits

Work-study jobs

Loans



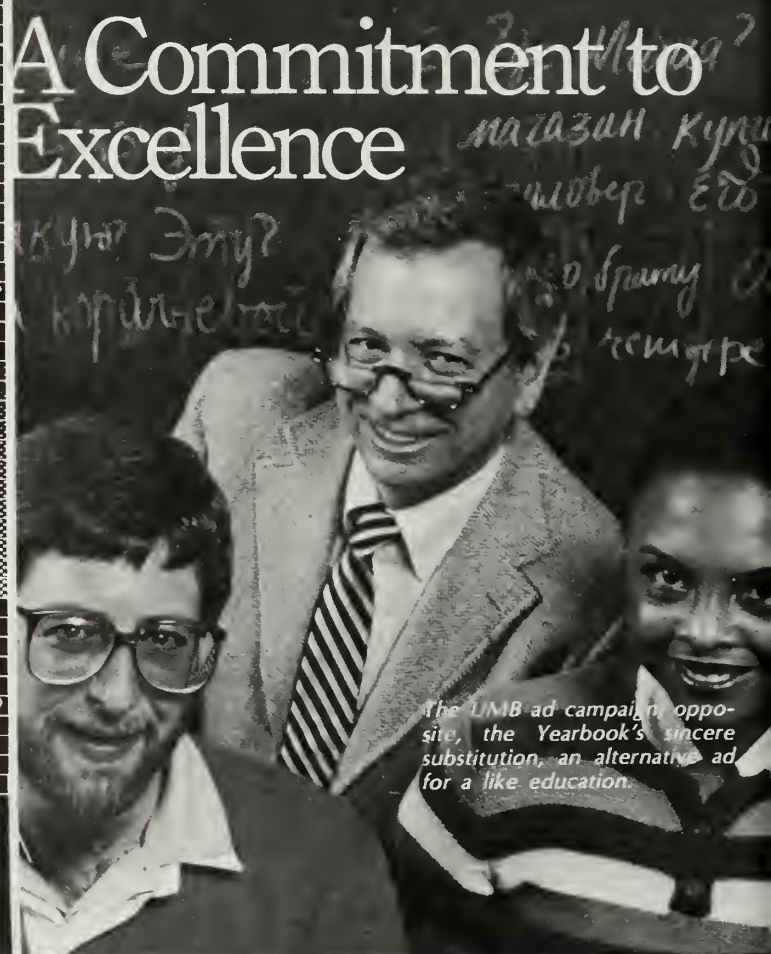
**Chart Your
Own Growth**

The UMass/Boston MBA program is designed to meet the needs of people who want to study management in the evenings, at their own pace.

Each course meets once a week in the evenings, from 6:00 P.M. to 9:00 P.M.

UMassBos

**A Commitment to
Excellence**



The UMB ad campaign, opposite, the Yearbook's sincere substitution, an alternative ad for a like education.

UMass/Boston

2 SCHOOLS
OF THOUGHT

20 Years



There's no place like
AT HOME

College costs straining equal opportunity goal

And UMass/Boston's affordable in-state tuition rates
(\$47.50 per credit for undergraduates)[†]
apply to all students during the summer sessions.



Massachusetts. The state, for instance, has the eighth largest Irish-ancestry population in the country, but the fifth largest Italian, fourth largest Greek and second largest Armenian and Portuguese communities.

Despite the renown of Massachusetts academic institutions, their size is not enough to produce an enormous population bulge. Massachusetts has an estimated 790,000 residents in the 18-24 age group, according to 1981 Census Bureau estimates, ranking the state 11th in that category, the same as the state's overall population ranking.

But 418,000 Massachusetts residents are enrolled in institutions of higher education, the eighth highest total in the country. And although more than three-quarters of all college students nationally are in public institutions, more than half in Massachusetts are in private schools. In fact, nearly 10 percent of all the private college students in the country are in Massachusetts.

UN PEU
DE TOUT

Begin Tomorrow's
Career Today...

and into the work force



AMERICA'S EDUCATION

Think of the American automobile, a one time luxury now required by the masses. Such was the route of electricity and indoor plumbing. Education too fits into this circuitry. In 1984 more U.S. citizens attended schools of higher education than any year previous.

The UMB lot is parked full of cars as different as their respective owners. And it could get more crowded. UMB will educate thousands of Americans in our lifetime. Who will get in as admissions must become selective?

Those who do well after graduation will think well of UMass. It is these graduates of the University who must be concerned with our system of education. Standards must be raised for admissions and measures taken to prepare the next wave of learning to meet this upgrade.

We must insure the space in education for those who need, and continue it for those who can.

Once upon a time, busing gave Boston education
a new meaning, all in a yellow school bus.



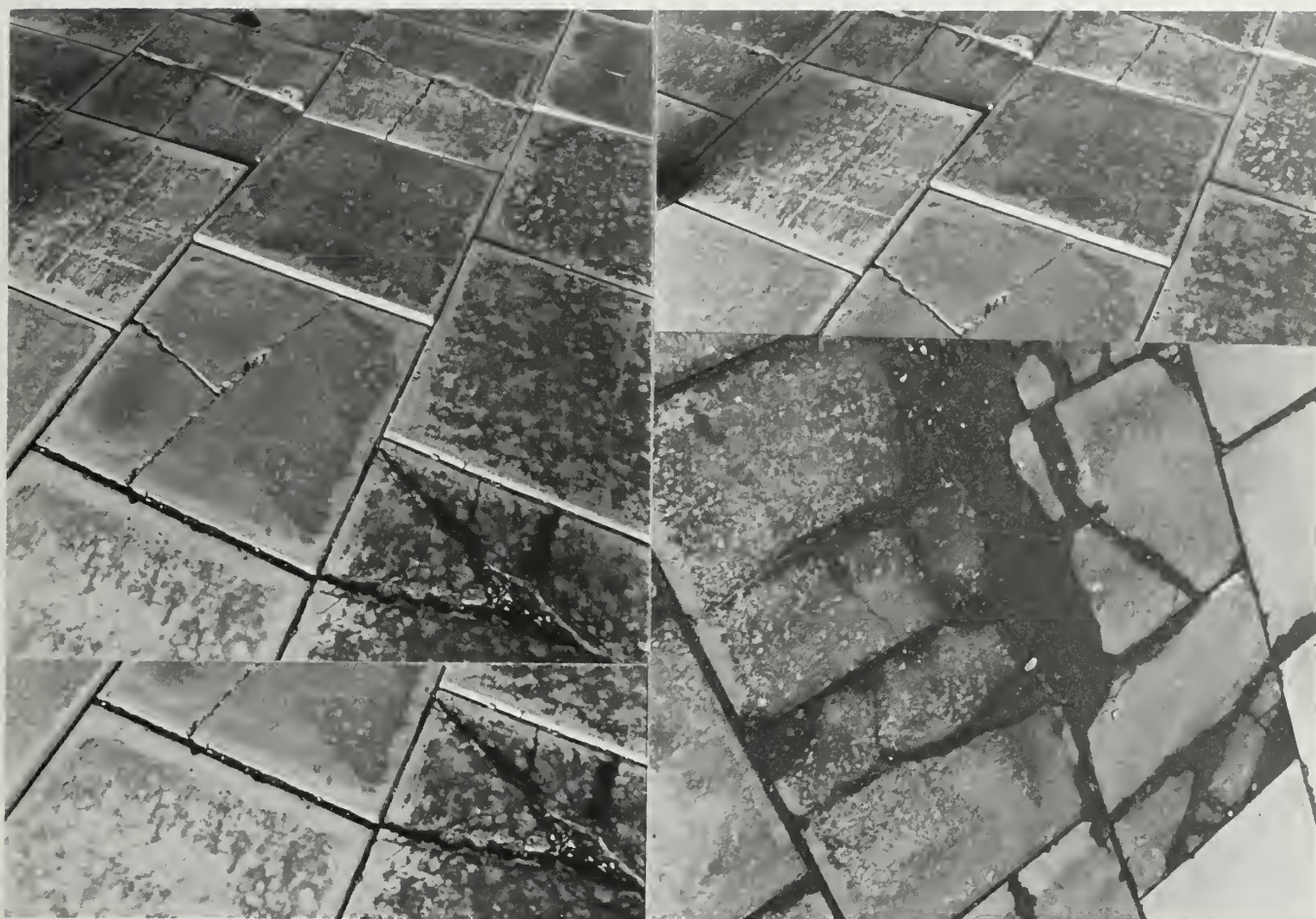


A view of Southeast Expressway from below as construction begins over UMB MBTA stop.



Congested highways, and no parking at the end of the road.

It's hard enough getting to college as it is — without making it impossible to travel there everyday. Once upon a time, politicians and Dorchester residents were rampaging about the traffic problems due with the opening of UMB's Harbor campus. Now their dreams have come true. Getting to the Harbor Campus is certainly no easier now than ten years ago. Whatever happened to the proposed mono-rail from Columbia Point MBTA to UMB?



TRANSITIONS



Movement. Maybe it all started with the wheel. Or was it the view of our world as whole and turning?



For some, attending UMB represents a journey from a very distant and other country. Even if they've lived in Massachusetts all their lives.







Binders and connectors, the catwalks channel students to all areas. History, Literature, Chemistry, Philosophy, Mathematics . . . all available through that door right, left, or out the door up ahead.







UMB was placed here by graceless measures of legislation. Education moves. With graduation as the end of the road, we now find ourselves afloat, speeding towards other anchors, or other rides.



THE POLICE

Many people think of the UMB police force as just another batch of rent-a-cops, security guards. In the early days, there was even a question as to whether or not they should carry guns. The presence of armed forces on campus reminds some of Deer Island, but the truth is that in 1984 we need the enforcers.

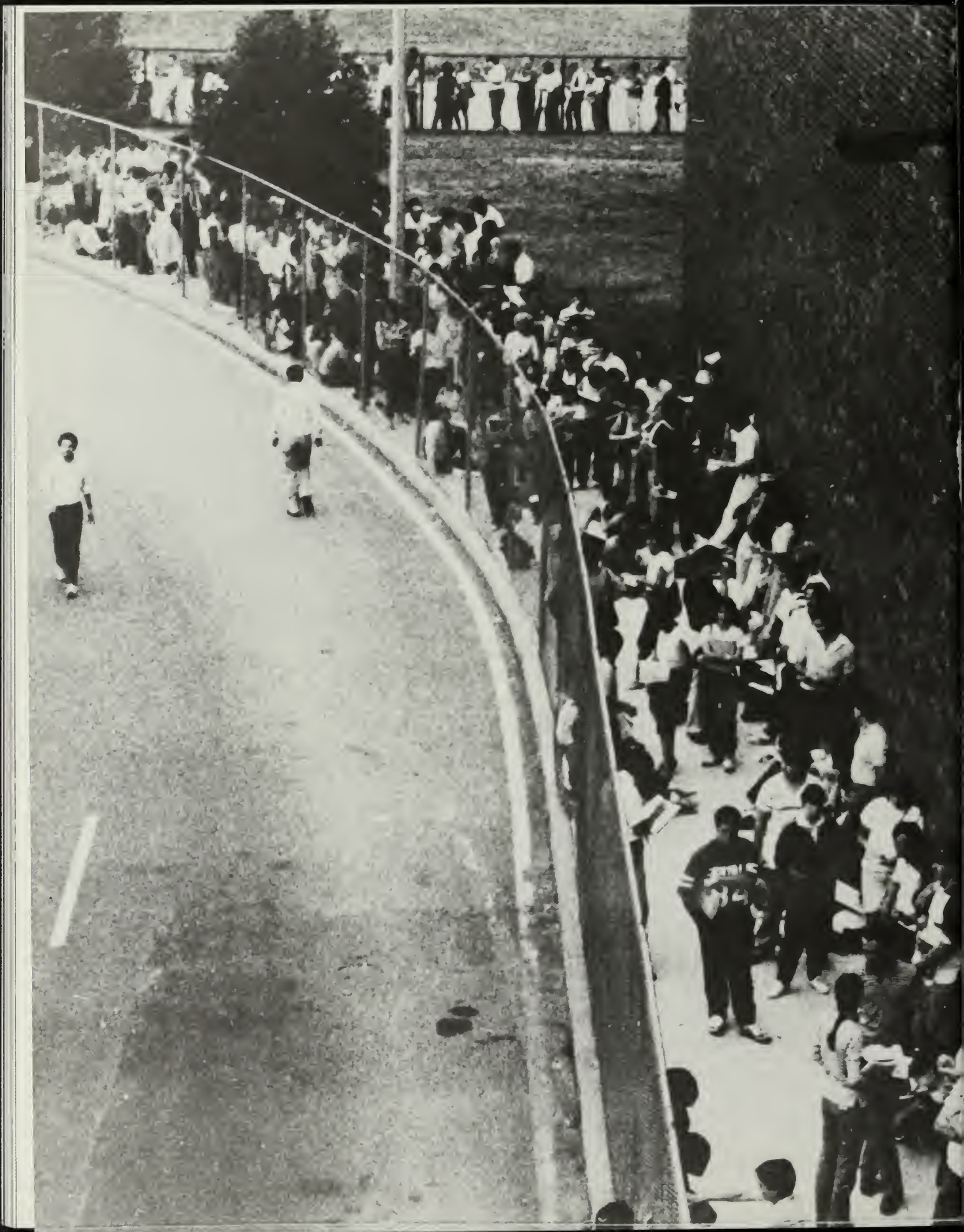
A full-time professional police operation works UMB twenty four hours a day. The men and women of the UMB units keep track of hallways, courtyards, and underground passages. They guard the fort, if you like, when the commuters go home to their lives away from school.



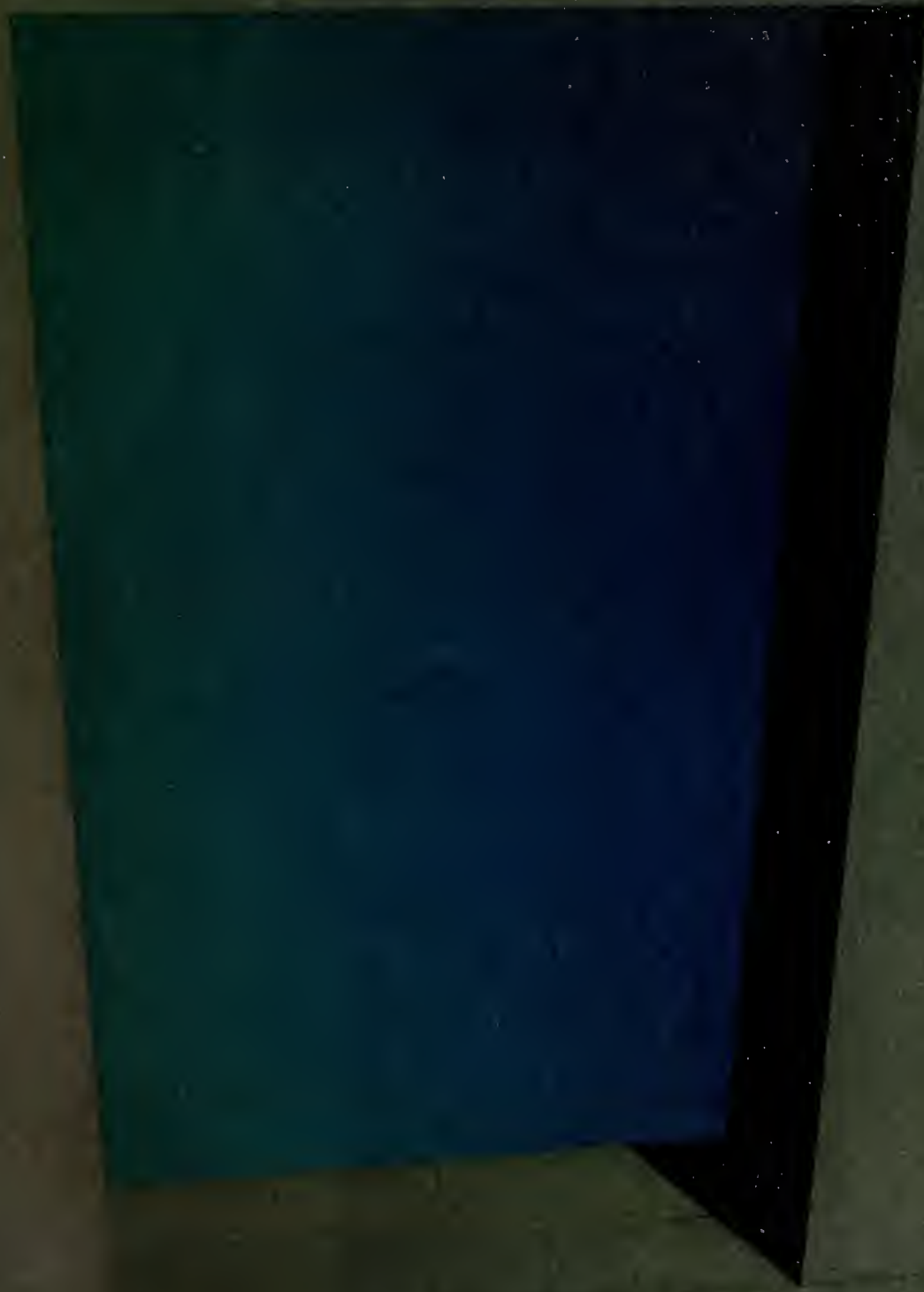


Police Blotter

- Sunday, Feb. 12 **Larceny Under \$100.** Bldg. 020. Staff member reported theft of wallet from unlocked office.
- Monday, Feb. 13 **Breaking and Entering.** Bldg. 010. Staff reported theft of film projector from locked area.
Disturbance. Science Bldg. Woman student reported assault by another woman. Declined to press charges.
- Tuesday, Feb. 14 **Larceny Over \$100.** Science Bldg. Student reported theft of wallet from unattended laboratory.
- Wednesday, Feb. 15 **Arrest.** A 16 year old Dorchester man was arrested on a warrant for larceny over \$100.
Larceny Under \$100. Park Square. Staff member reported theft of her wallet from unlocked office. Suspicious person seen in area prior to theft.
Larceny Under \$100. Bldg. 010. Student reported theft of wallet from gym bag left outside racquetball court.
- Friday, Feb. 17 **Arrest.** Bldg. 010. A 32 year old Boston man and 23 year old Revere man were arrested for possession of controlled substances.
Vandalism. Harbor Campus. Information Booth on University Drive vandalized and telephone stolen by unknown person(s). A motor vehicle in the North Parking Lot was also vandalized.
- Tuesday, Feb. 21 **Breaking & Entering.** Park Square. Staff reported Breaking & Entering, forced entry into office. Office equipment stolen.
Larceny Under \$100. Healey Library. Student reported pocketbook stolen from circulation desk. Later recovered, minus wallet.
Larceny Over \$100. Clark Center. Two persons reported lockers broken into, money & jewelry stolen.
- Thursday, Feb. 23 **Armed Robbery.** Victim was assaulted and robbed by three men along waterfront adjacent JFK Library and city pumpthouse. Victim transported to area hospital by ambulance. Police were dispatched to search surrounding area for suspects.
- Tuesday, Feb. 28 **Attempted B & E of Motor Vehicle.** Attempts were made to break into two vehicles in the G-1 and G-2 Garages.
Vandalism. Bldg. 010. A sink and partitions were torn off the wall of the 3rd floor men's bathroom.
- Wednesday, Feb. 29 **Larceny Under \$100.00** Admin. Bldg. Staff member reported theft of purse and keys from unattended pocketbook.
- Thursday, March 1 **Larceny.** UMass Police received five separate reports for thefts of unattended pocketbooks and wallets. Two occurred in the Science Bldg., the others in Bldg. 020, the Admin. Bldg. and the Clark Center.
Larceny Under \$100.00. Clark Center. Two lockers in the men's pool locker room were broken into, money and ID's stolen.



WHAT ARE THE SCHOOL COLORS?



SCHOOL COLORS?

It isn't surprising that no one at UMB really knows what the school colors are. The drastic results of Independent Informal Surveys show 90% ignorant of the officially designated campus hues.

Think of all the day-go reds, yellows and greens in the hallways and classrooms. The reddish brick outside and cement block innards. Rumor has it that when the Harbor Campus was completed there was no paint inside at all. "Paint it," an authority shrieked. "I don't care what you do but it has to have some painted surfaces." No wonder no one knows the colors. Do we ever see a school flag? Do sportcasters refer to our team by its colors? Even the UMass clothing sold at the bookstore comes in several different color combinations. I didn't know what the supposed colors were either.

School colors signify a school identity, a sense of spirit and unity and all that other stuff that seems to make up the univeristy experience in America. UMB is different from all that. The student body is so diverse that it must have been difficult to narrow down the rainbow of possibilities in choosing colors.

But we ended up with blue and white. Maybe that's the color of ink and paper. Or sky and clouds — it doesn't really matter. At one point UMB was idealized as a "Harvard by the Sea." Indeed. Our institute of public higher education was to make some kind of splash onto the landlocked private schools of Boston. But, for various reasons explored in this book, that splash has not yet been realized.

The colors of a splash — I guess it depends on how clean the water is now doesn't it? We're talking Dorchester Bay. Wet Suit mandatory for recreational swimming. The colors coming from the water around our scenic locale ... Nice colors, actually.

But so much for Harvard by the Sea. As one famous sailor said, "I am what I am." And UMB does hold true to that certain sense of individuality. The school colors, then, are more an Irish green than ivy; we're certainly more a blood red than crimson. And so the school colors of all UMass graduates will be reflections of their lives at UMB.

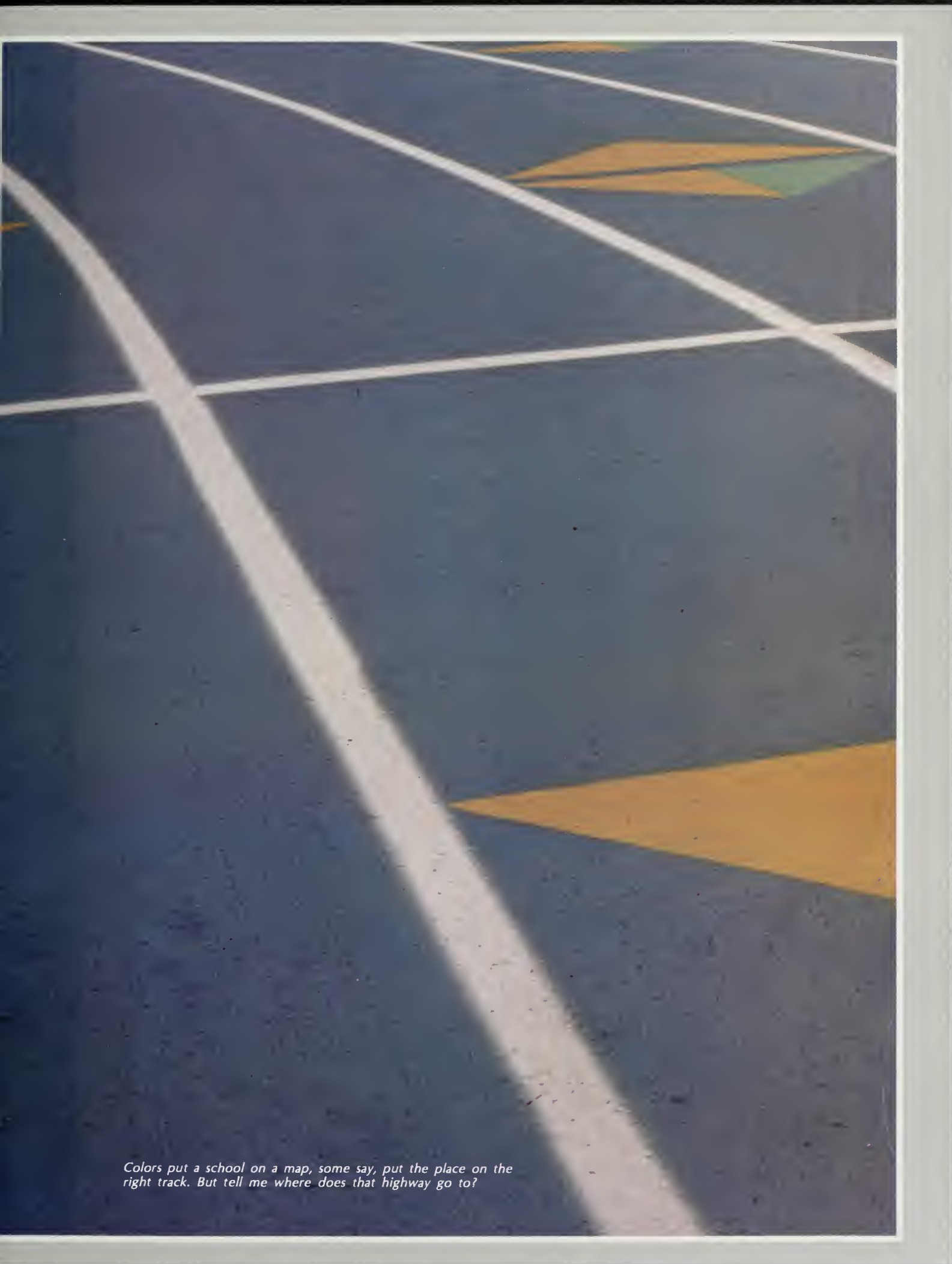
For some it will be the red lights warning planes of low entry into Logan; others will recall a harbor sunset, or the JFK library from the tenth floor of our library. And, for some, the school colors might even be remembered as blue and white.



Historically, the colors tie into Columbia Point's past.



They weren't sure here either.



Colors put a school on a map, some say, put the place on the right track. But tell me where does that highway go to?





Inside the university students from all over Boston and the world form an intellectual community different from other institutions of public higher education.

Outside UMB, students remain fixed to responsibilities atypical of regular university students. Jobs, families, marriages, and more make the inside/outside life of the UMB student a most complex color.

A lot of people say UMB looks like a prison. On a misty day it certainly has a forboding air about it, alone at the edge of the sea. Strangely modern, one can imagine the campus structure's spotlighted courtyard, ragged rectangular shapes, and cement planters that divide walking traffic as some sort of horrific representation of institutional confinement.

An institution is an institution, some will say; and school is no different than prison for many. We are degree holders from a school whose exterior signifies all the most rigid aspects of all institutions, yet whose insides romantically strive for the best possible education for the masses.

And this strange and unique tension between appearance and reality at UMB gives it a very odd color.

Some thirty odd years ago this land was a dump site for the city of Boston. Before that it was used briefly as an Italian P.O.W. camp. It was a "Calf pasture" before then. And it is safe to assume that Columbia Point was a swamp for a good many years, dating back to prehistoric times.

The funny thing about this history of our land is that its purpose has always been for dumping and confining.

When the politicians were scanning the greater Boston area for a site for UMB, school officials wanted a piece of choice South End property. Due to tax revenues, the non-profit university was placed on the site of the old swamp, former pasture, POW camp and dump.

And though it looks more like a prison than anything, UMB in its present state can best be seen as most like the Calf Pasture of old: Education the grazing, graduation the funnel leading to grazing or to slaughter.





UMB-AMERICA

In and around the Boston area, plaques and tours point a red, white, and blue finger at structures once lived in or frequented by our late President Kennedy.

At UMB we live close to the Kennedy legacy of intelligent thoughts and actions. We also happen to be neighbors of the definitive Kennedy monument to these ideals. As anyone who has sat in the Healey Memorial Library watching a sun set knows, the JFK Library on Columbia Point is a spectacular reminder of an ugly incident twenty years ago.

Twenty has special significance to UMB as the number of our existence in time. It roots us back to the days of civil rights awareness and campus protest across the nation. It was a time of war in little known places, and of violence at home. A violence most horribly symbolized by the assassination of an outstanding leader, John F. Kennedy.

The JFK Library stands just out of shouting distance from UMB. Its severely modern design has drawn critical acclaim and daily visitors. Too bad such land marks are only erected for the dead and missed.

Equally sorry is the presence of UMB a little further inland from the JFK structure. Both complexes represent possibilities in late twentieth century architecture; both were constructed in the last ten years. But that is as far as any similarities may go.

At many universities in this country, a presidential library is incorporated into the campus complex. JFK and UMB have been separated from the start. And it seems strange that these newest peaks on the Boston intellectual landscape are near only geographically. With JFK and UMB combined, the school colors could have been red, white, and blue.

J
F
K







U
M
B





Sometimes one can understand the school colors of UMB as blatantly yellow. Yellow, I say. That's the color, all right. Take just one example — the pages of this book that fall under the heading "Senior Photos." Out of some 1300 graduating seniors, only a poor percentage showed up for their free parting shot. Lack of participation, lackadissical attitudes towards student identities. Take a quick look at the senior shots. Are you in there? Have you faced your self portrait?

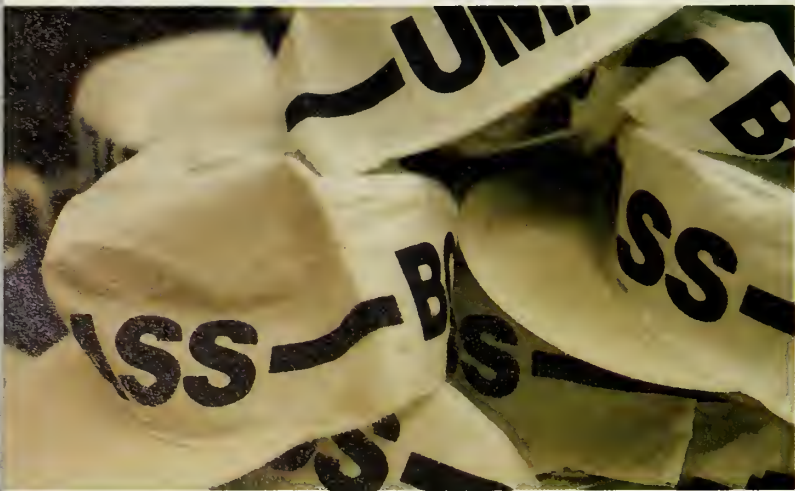
For as long as any student has been here, he or she has heard the endless diatribe on the lack of opportunities for student involvement on campus. People just don't have any place to really congregate. True, there's the pub and cafeterias and clubs, but only a very small percentage of students ever really become involved in campus social activities.

There are reasons, of course. There's the fact that most people enrolled here also have numerous commitments to forces outside of school. And then there's the problem of no campus housing. But is that any excuse to play the lonely prisoner? An institution full of people who come into the building and leave without stopping to check out the others around them can be rather an alienating adventure.

The grounds themselves somewhat promote the isolation. Many a student who thinks he knows the ins and outs of a short cut in Building One has found himself trapped without water in that maze of concrete.

Others have felt that expansive and separate student backgrounds and interests make it hard to mingle — though some say this makes it easier. The university is a place for communication, for gathering with people of similar tastes and ideas, or for the sake of a valid argument.

Where else but another institution will you have the opportunity to mix with Greeks, Italians, Muslim, Hispanic, American, South American, Australian, British, Eastern, Western, New Yorker, Southerner, Midwesterner, Californian, African, Bostonian, Persian, Black, handicapped, marxists, diehards, broken hearted, punks, Jews, juveniles, feminists, over-achiever, Jesus freak, freak, Bulgarian, homosexual, dead head, computer jock, jock, subversive, elitist, conscientious objector, idiot, genius, ingenious, wealthy, destitute, and other assorted winners and losers.





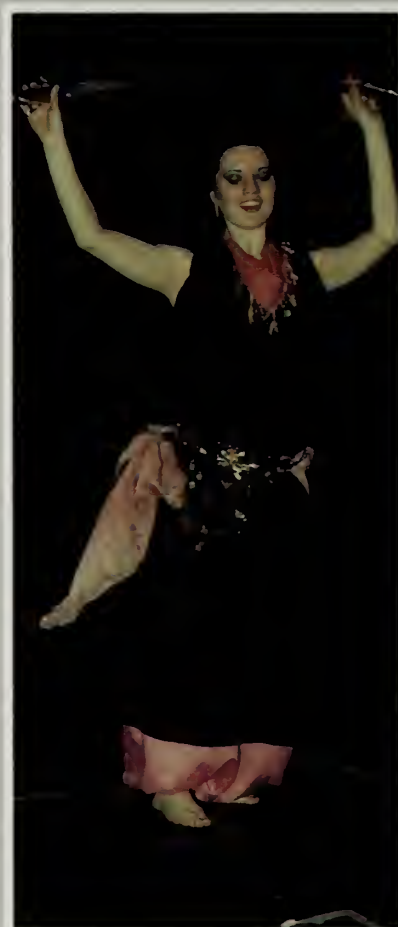
Intercollegiate sports can be a tremendous appendage to any university, reaching out to generate cash, attract students and public attention. A school's athletic teams give a place color, identity; a winning team ignites a certain spark in the student body, causing rivalries with other schools, excitement in competition.

Sports at UMass Boston have generally been considered second stringers on the overall UMB team. But 1984 gives considerable hope that growing athletic victories will spark similar change in the university as a whole. Two triumphs merit attention. Firstly, there is the successful formation of a UMB Football Club. So what if they were shoved into the lower ranked castes of the established NCAA. The point is that a group of students actually took the initiative to start a team. Regardless of their record, the Football Club had a winning season. And then the UMB Hockey team, victorious hosts of the 1984 Codfish Bowl, the first UMB team to win in the history of the tournament.

But in spite of these athletic achievements, many questions remain about general sports at UMB. Why isn't the Clark Center closed to the general public? Or at least limited so students have majority access. And why don't the students complain about the lack of skating or basketball hours?

Perhaps everything is just rosy.

FINAL SHOTS!

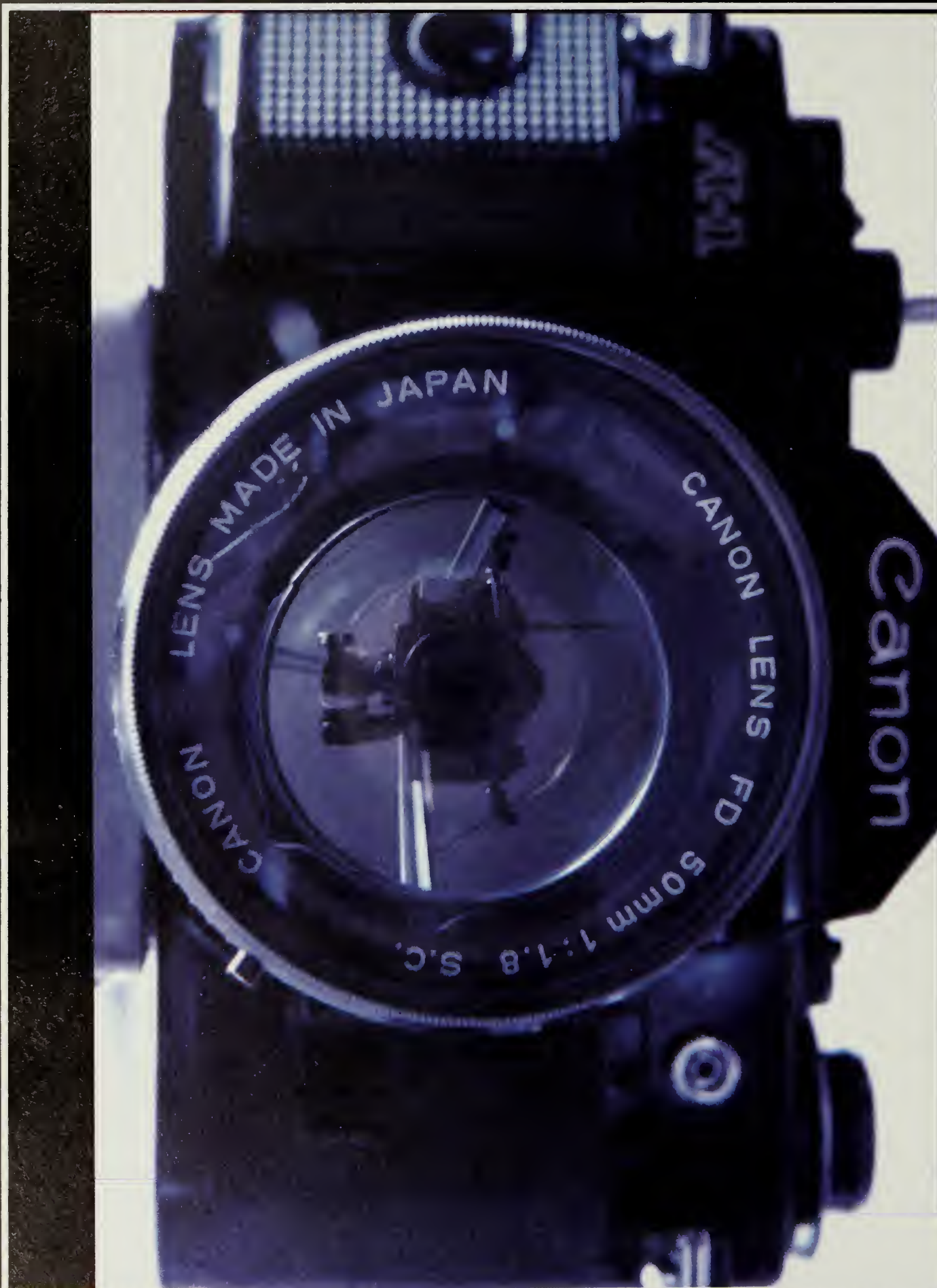


The blue and white of the University of Massachusetts at Boston separate us from other schools just as our location sets us apart from Boston. They're nice, innocent colors, meaning many things to different people.

Whatever you see them as, UMB does not seem to shout out its official colors. Maybe it's the neutral tones. For some it's the shade of a cheap education. But most likely the colors are typical of any institution anywhere. And it doesn't matter now anyway.

UMB is already on our permanent records. Each one of us has done our time here. We graduate. We leave. And the question becomes, What Are My Own Colors?





MEMORANDUM

CSL

To.....All RSO's.....

Subject.....Cafeteria Wastes, Trays, Plates etc.....

As you are personally aware there is a significant lack of space in the University. Club rooms, already in short supply, are in jeopardy unless they are used wisely. This means keeping rooms and adjacent areas in a reasonably clear condition (i.e. trays and garbage piled outside a room or cleverly concealed a few steps down a hallway do not constitute clear conditions.)

Failure to comply with this fairly simply request could result in Club rooms being turned over to a supposedly more civilized group, (i.e. Academic Departments).

Thank you for your cooperation.





CHRIS CLIFFORD:

MAN OF MANY FACES

From his control booth on the fourth floor of Building One, Mr. Clifford mans the administrative machinery that watches over the clubs, pub, publications, and other soap operas of student activities.



Always there in the midst of controversy, Mr. Clifford has learned to deal with the media. In this the year of increasing technophobia, he has received much flak from various space shots on a future student game room.

A true blue grad of UMB, now white collar director of SAC, Chris Clifford radiates our school colors.





*Pictured, Chris and Mr. Wilcox,
1983; Chris and Jeremiah, 1984.*

Kiwanis, Elks, Knights of Columbus,
And Others.

I wouldn't want to belong to any club that would have me
as a member — Groucho



KARATE



URBAN STUDENTS AND COMMUTERS CLUB

By UMB's very nature, out in the Calf Pasture, this is the real Key Klub of the University.





ASIAN CLUB



EAST ASIAN CLUB

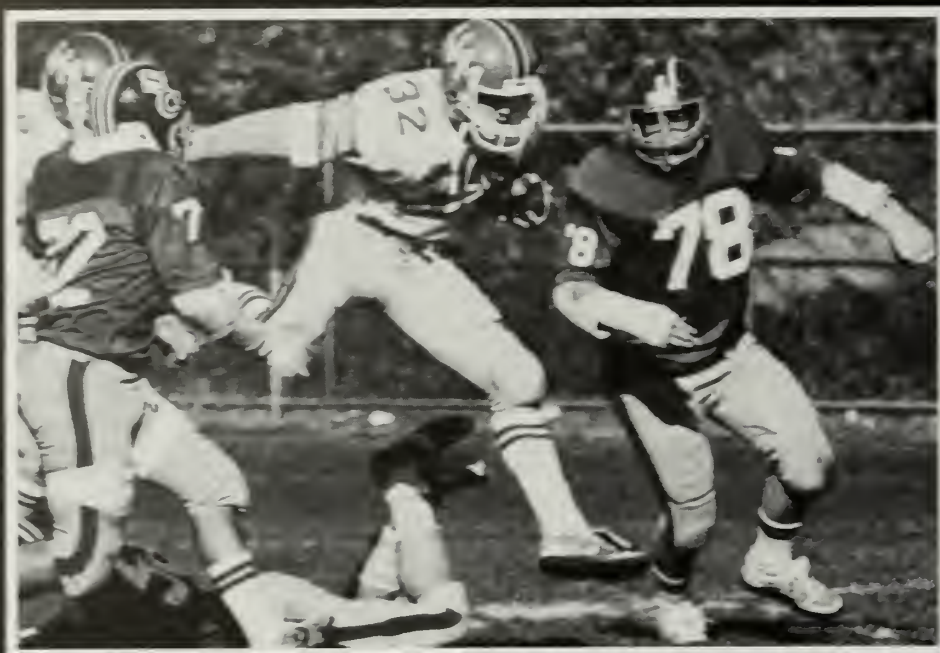


*The
Marxist
Study
Group*

THE POLITICS SOCIETY



FOOT



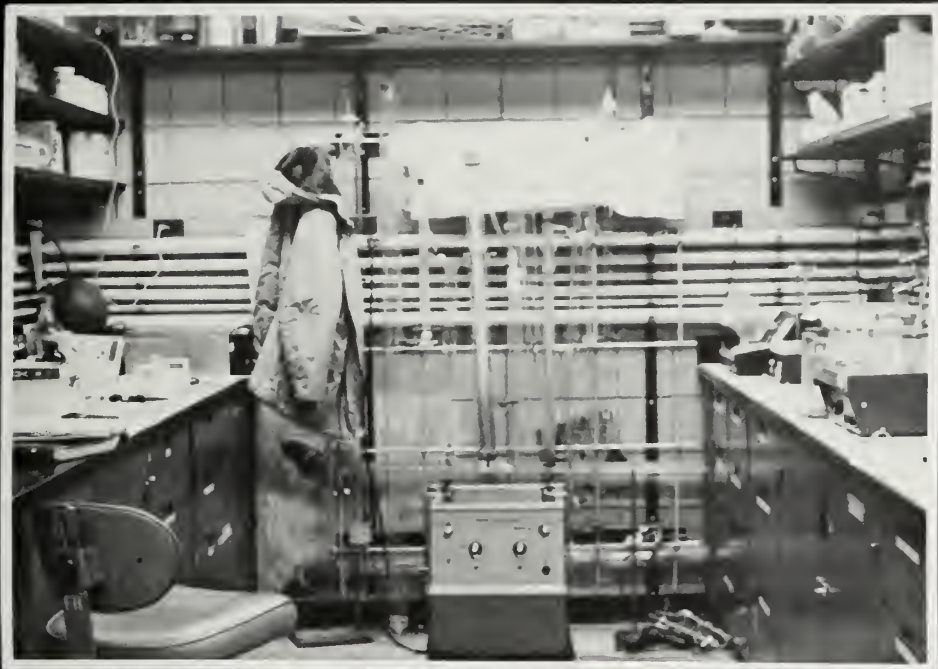
OR



RAQUET

ALL CLUBS LIFT
AT THE PUB.

SURVIVAL CLUB



Inside the plant, it looks like any other green world.



But what grows there ...

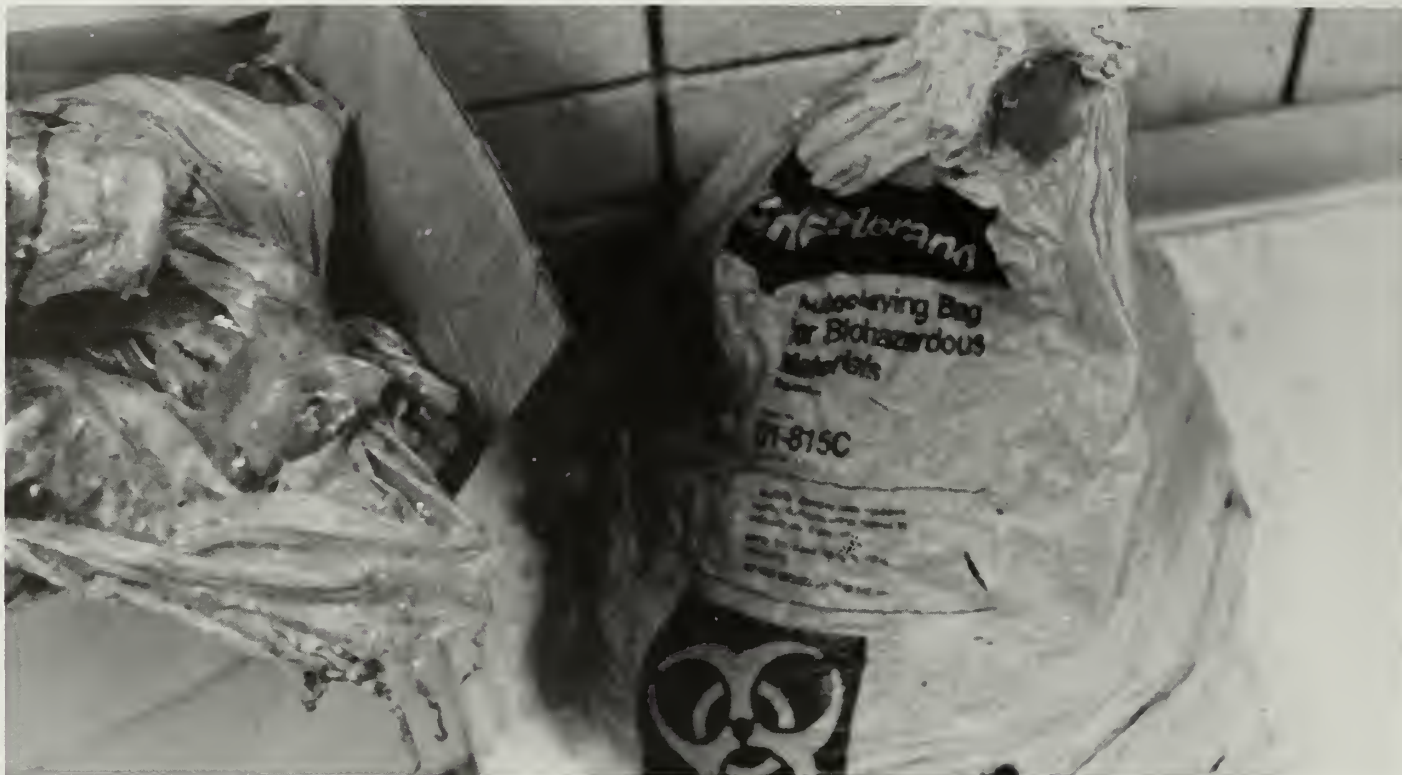
is a different matter entirely.



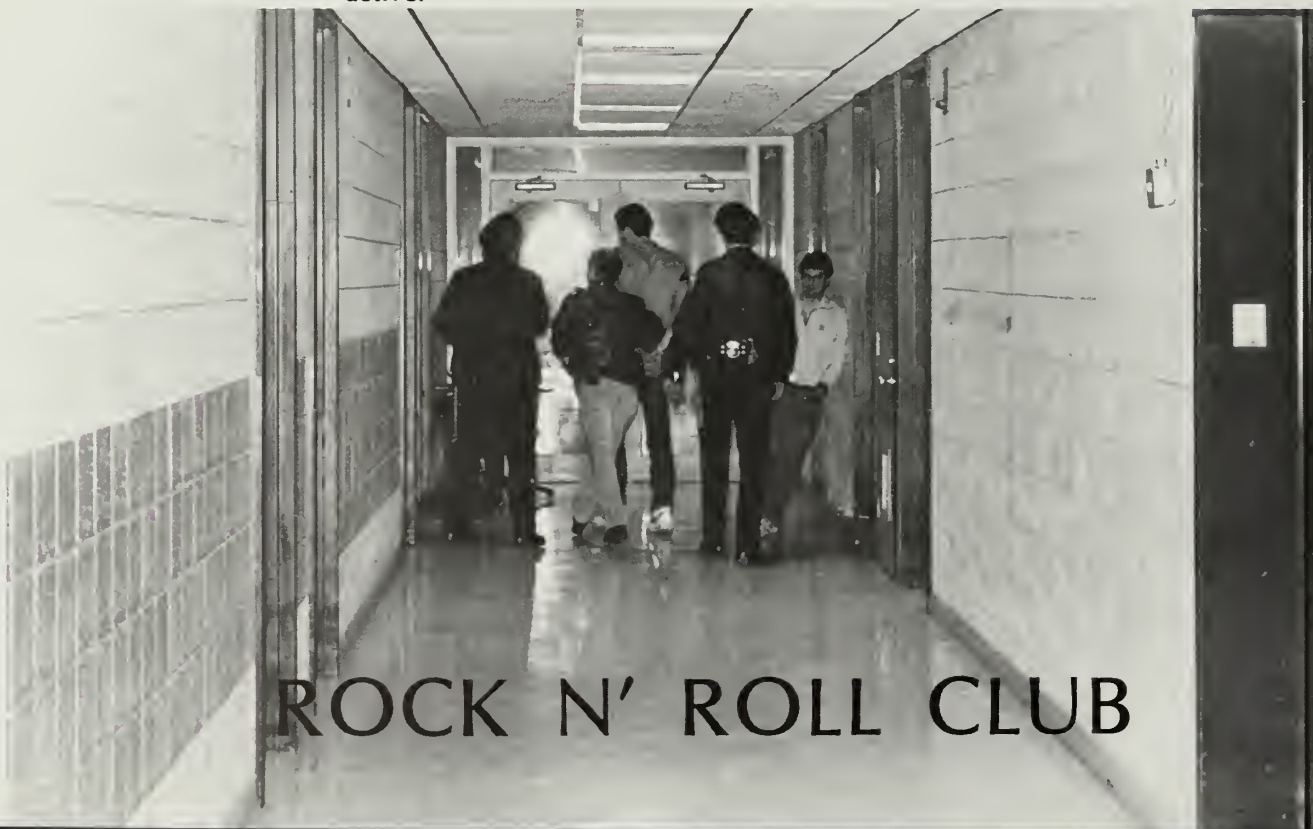
Still new members await initiation.



S. O. D. S.



The Save Our Dump Society — S.O.D.S. — is dedicated to the preservation of UMB's natural heritage. From dumping on institutions, to dumping on each other, the S.O.D.S. are truly active.



ROCK N' ROLL CLUB



ASIAN CLUB

ANTHROPOLOGY





SKIING



SAILING



INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION

FAMILIAR

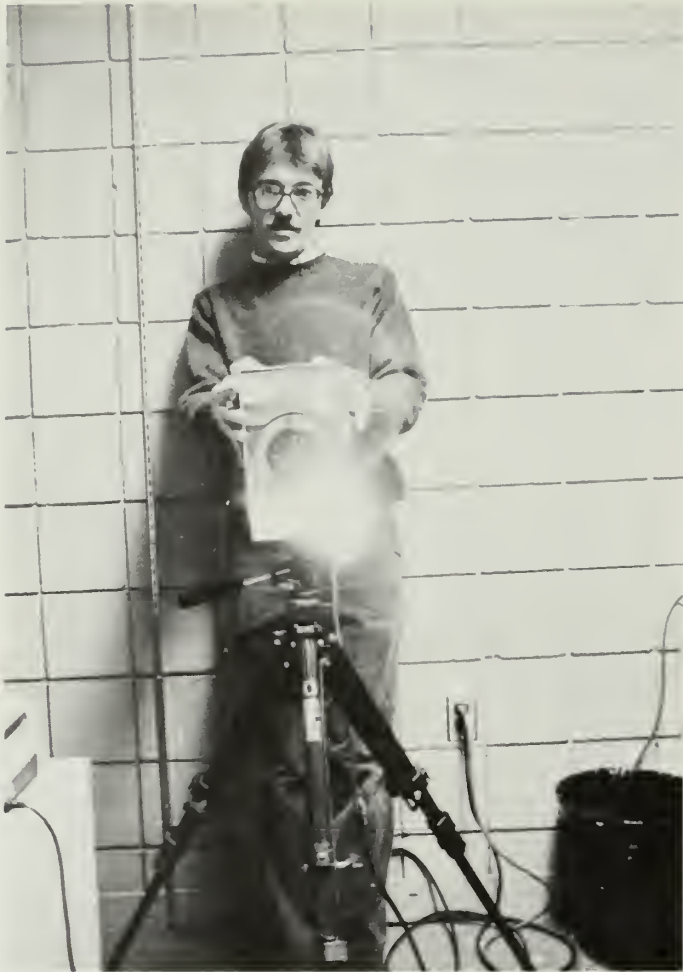


FACES



FAMOUS FRONTS ...

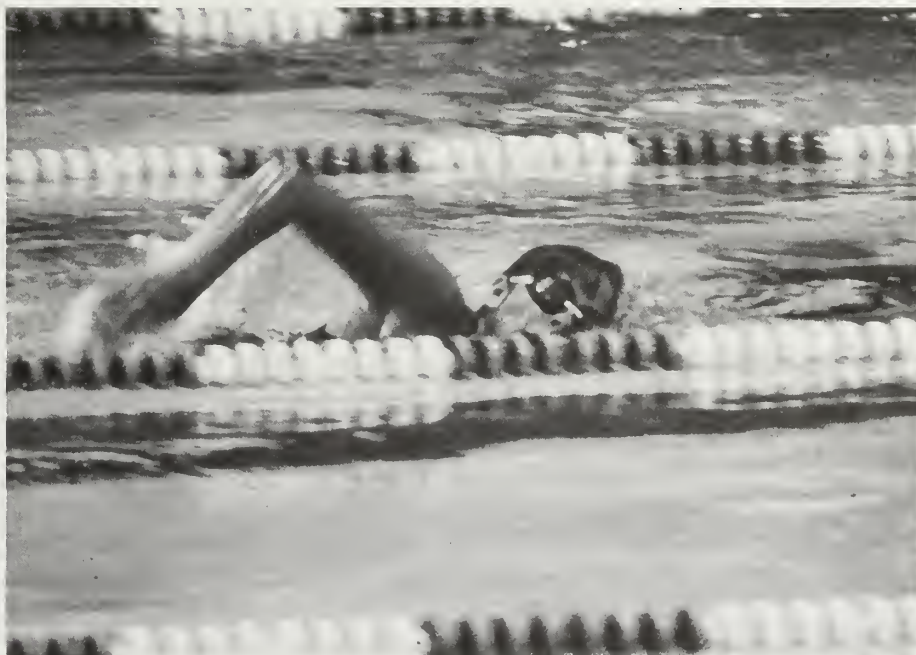




... FRAMED IN A FLASH

FITNESS AT UMB

In 1984, America strode towards a healthy existence.
At the University level, UMB students complied.



Burning calories

A comparison of activities

Calories burned per hour	Activity
120-150	Light housework such as polishing furniture or washing small clothes Strolling 1 miles/hr.
150-240	Level walking at 2 miles/hr. Golf — using power cart
240-300	Cleaning windows, mopping floors or vacuuming Bowling Walking at 3 miles/hr. Cycling at 6 miles/hr. Golf — pulling cart
300-340	Scrubbing floors Walking 3.5 miles/hr. Cycling 8 miles/hr. Table tennis, badminton, and volleyball Golf — carrying clubs Tennis — doubles Many calisthenics and ballet exercises
360-420	Walking 4 miles/hr. Cycling 10 miles/hr. Ice or roller skating
420-480	Walking 5 miles/hr. Cycling 11 miles/hr. Water skiing
480-600	Jogging 5 miles/hr. Cycling 12 miles/hr. Downhill skiing Paddleball
600-840	Running 6.5 miles/hr. Cycling 13 miles/hr. Squash or handball (practice session or warmup) Swimming freestyle
840	Running 6 miles/hr. Competitive squash or handball

Notes: Caloric values depend on body size. Values for larger
persons. Table provides reasonable relative structural
values. Sources: American Heart Association/President's Council
on Physical Fitness & Sports



UNDER
ORGANIZED
ATHLETES







BUT SOME
ARE



OF
CROWNED



SAC PARTIES

Campus police questioned fake ID's at the door. Several students, masquerading as students in jeans and sweaters, flirted while standing in line for a cold one. Nixon, the Shieks, Farmer Boy, and the Busy Bees shook it up on the dance floor. Just an SAC party—except for the woman under the fedora, mirrors, and green silk slicker. A Vogue Flash, I guess, who managed to escape our photographer's depth of field.

SAC throws two or more parties a semester. Holidays and semester breaks mark the celebrations; beer and dancing are typical highlights. They were always a good chance to meet friends from classes in a more social world on campus.





Evidently, UMB students pine for the wild. These latent tendencies surfaced this year at the annual X-Mass bash. Guests were asked to help decorate by bringing ornaments. By the night's conclusion, those in attendance had spilled their holiday cheer, using the empty beer cups as the tree's only ornaments.



PARTIES: THE END.





It was the end of the semester, a windy, warm afternoon full of beer and music, extending the semester into the twilight.









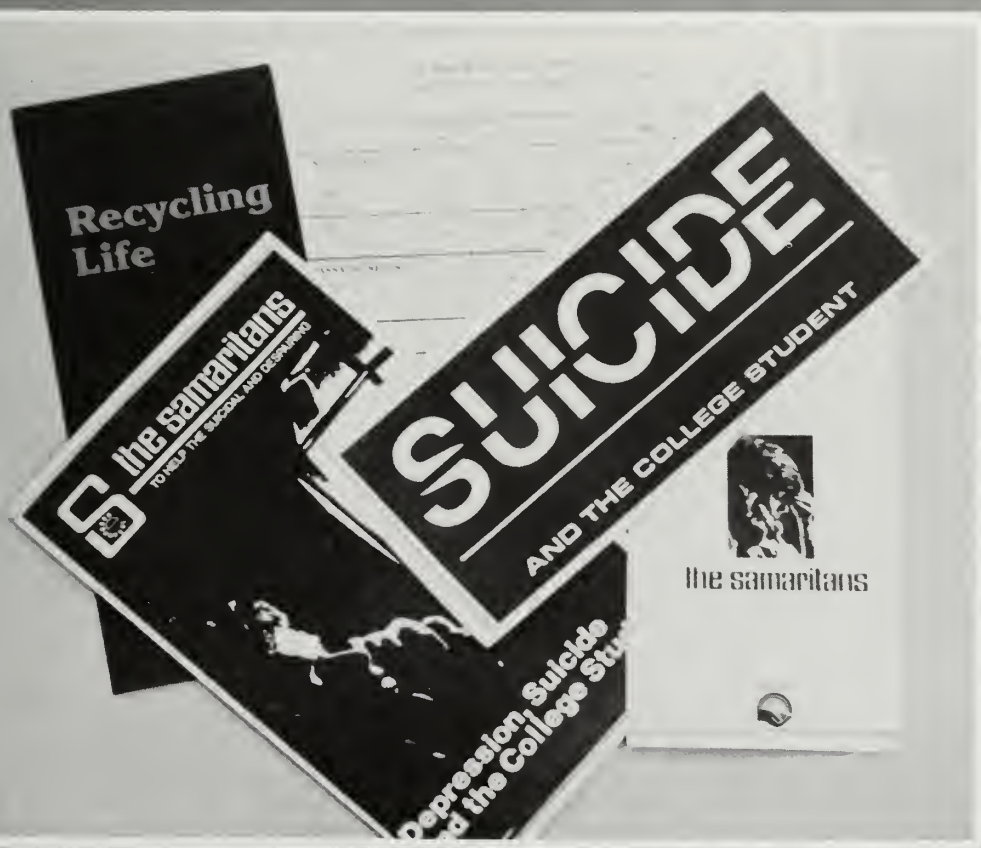
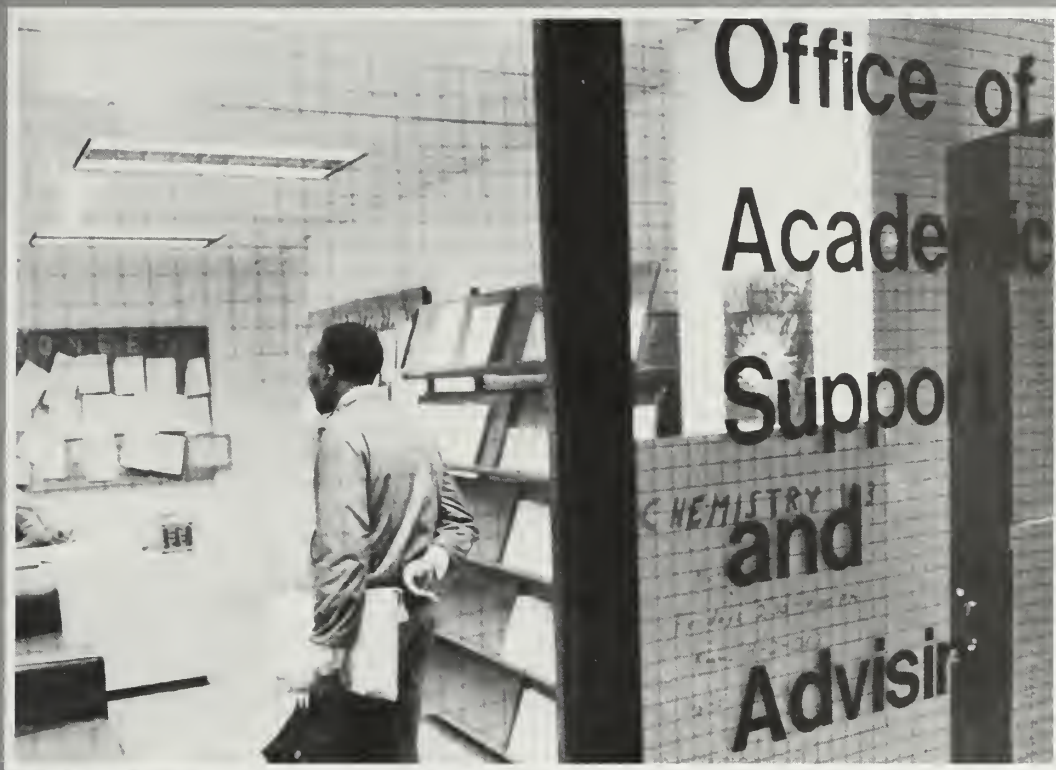
THE SENIOR PROM.





Still, in a university where many must hurry from classes to work, or daycare centers to pick up one's children, a certain sense of isolation from a total "college experience" often develops. Sometimes there just isn't enough time to establish or maintain relationships at UMB.





December 25, 1983, Pete Spock, a 22 year old UMB student fell prey to the second major cause of death among college students. Peter Spock, grandson of renowned child-rearing author, Dr. Benjamin Spock, leaped to his death from the roof of his security job at the Children's Museum.

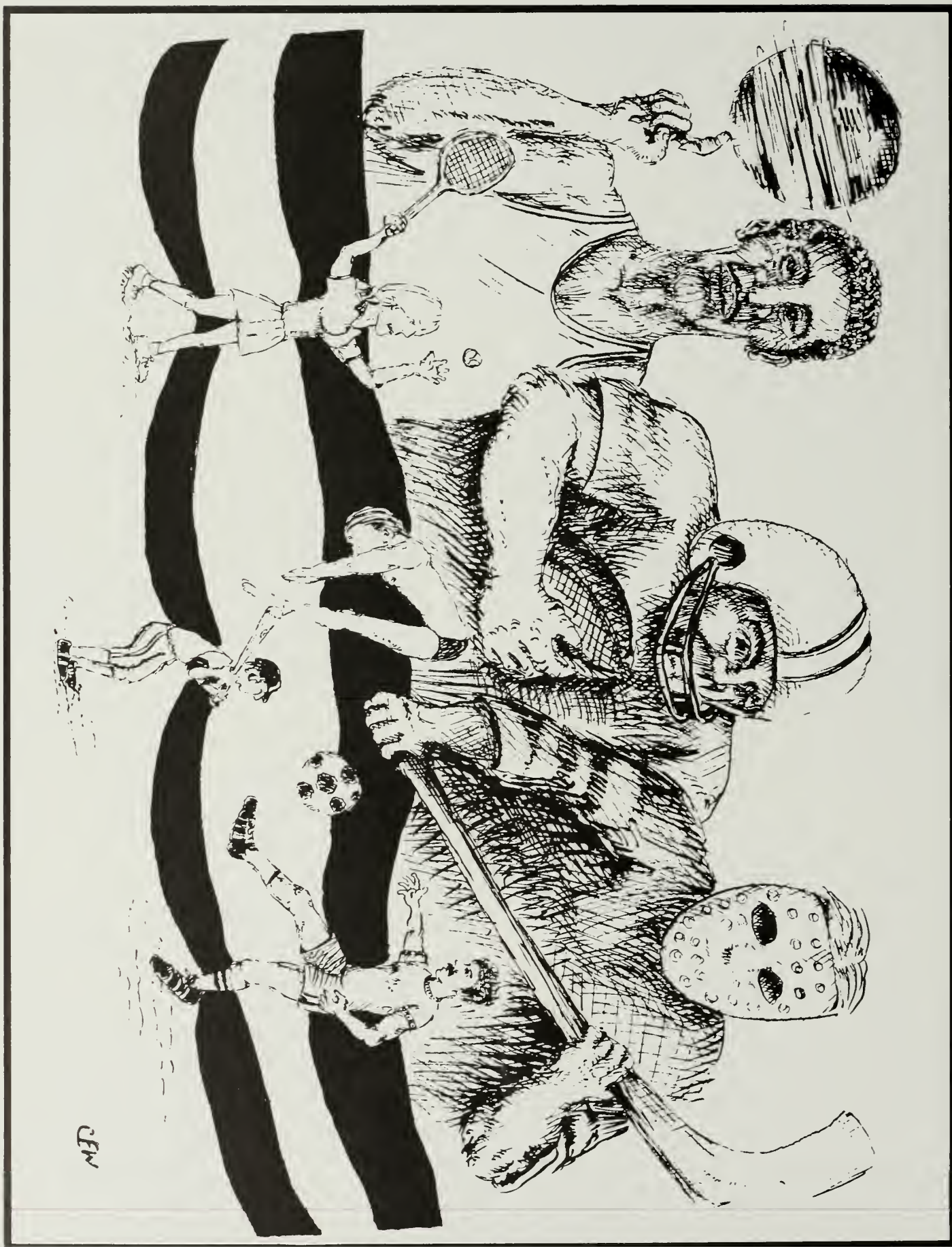
Spock's classmates remember him here as part of the Class of '84.

CATHERINE FORBES CLARK
ATHLETIC & RECREATION CENTER



1984 SPORTS: DIRECTING ATHLETICS







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UMB Hockey Beacons smash the winning goal home in brilliant double overtime victory 7-6.

CODFISH CLINCHED



It was the 19th annual Codfish Bowl, Friday, December 30, 1983. A capacity crowd jammed the Clark Center Rink, fired up for the holidays. It was the last game of the tournament with the hosting Beacons taking on top rated Babson.

The UMB icemen glided easily to a

surprising 6-1 lead early on. But Babson battled back, finally evening the score in the third period. Through one overtime the Codfish trophy remained elusive, still on the ice. And then, at 2 minutes and 12 seconds into the second overtime, the Beacons hooked that sudden death goal, granting them their biggest catch of the season, 7-6.

UMB Women's Swim Team

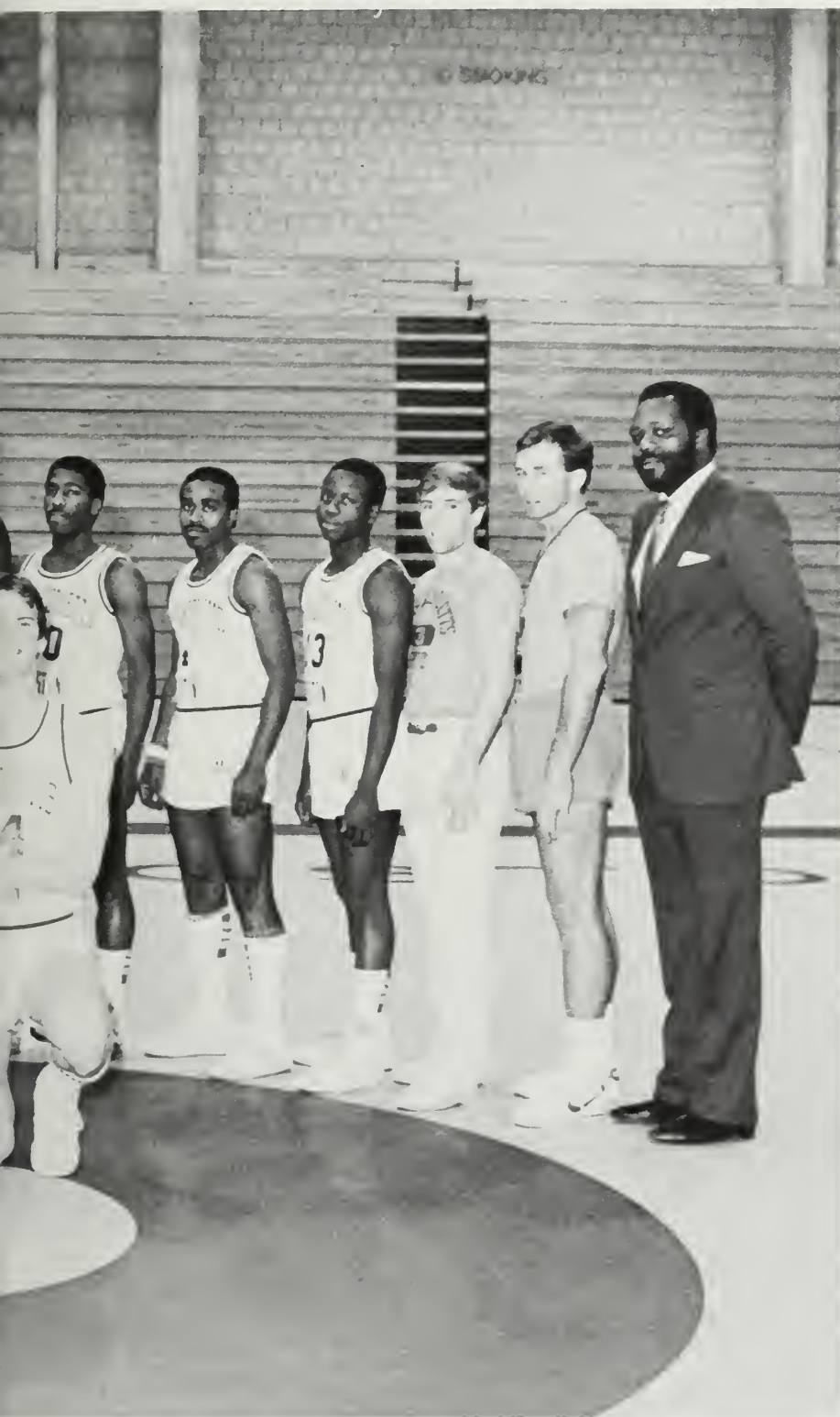


UMB Men's Swim Team

BASKET



BALL



For the second year in a row, the UMB Men's Basketball team qualified for post season play, this year in the E.A.A.C. New England Divisional Tournament.

Posting an overall regular season record of 16-9, the Beacons barely missed an N.C.A.A. berth, an honor they achieved in 1982-83. After being seeded in the seventh position in the eight team field for the E.C.A.C.'s, the Beacons travelled to Colby College to meet the number two seed, and came away with a stunning 80-71 victory.

In addition to the tournament play, Head Coach and Athletic Director Charlie Titus saw his team capture the Plymouth State Invitational Tournament; the team also did well in holding on to the home court by winning the Harbor Invitational Tournament for the second year in a row. The team closed out the season with a mark of 17-10.



UMB Soccer

The 1983-84 edition of the UMB Soccer team, under Head Coach Fon Cervasio, posted a record of seven wins, six losses and three ties.

The season opened with a pair of ties against teams Roger Williams and Rhode Island College, who went on to outstanding seasons. The Beacons won their first of the year, a 3-2 victory against Eastern Nazarene. The team went into a bit of a tailspin, dropping three in a row to Hawthorne College, Division 111 power Plymouth State, and Division 11 Lowell University. The Beacon booters then put together back to back wins against Fitchburg State and a powerful Salem State team.





BASKETBALL

The 1983-84 edition of the UMB Women's Basketball posted an overall mark of 13-8, just missing out on a post season tournament bid. Under first year head coach William Moran, the Lady Beacons suffered early in the season due to lack of experience, but finished strong winning their final four in a row to move into tournament consideration.

The team enjoyed some outstanding wins through the course of the campaign, including a 73-70 victory over Salem State College, a team that went to the NCAA Nationals. In the consolation game of the Salem State Classic, the team bested Division 11 Staten Island 74-65 to capture third place.



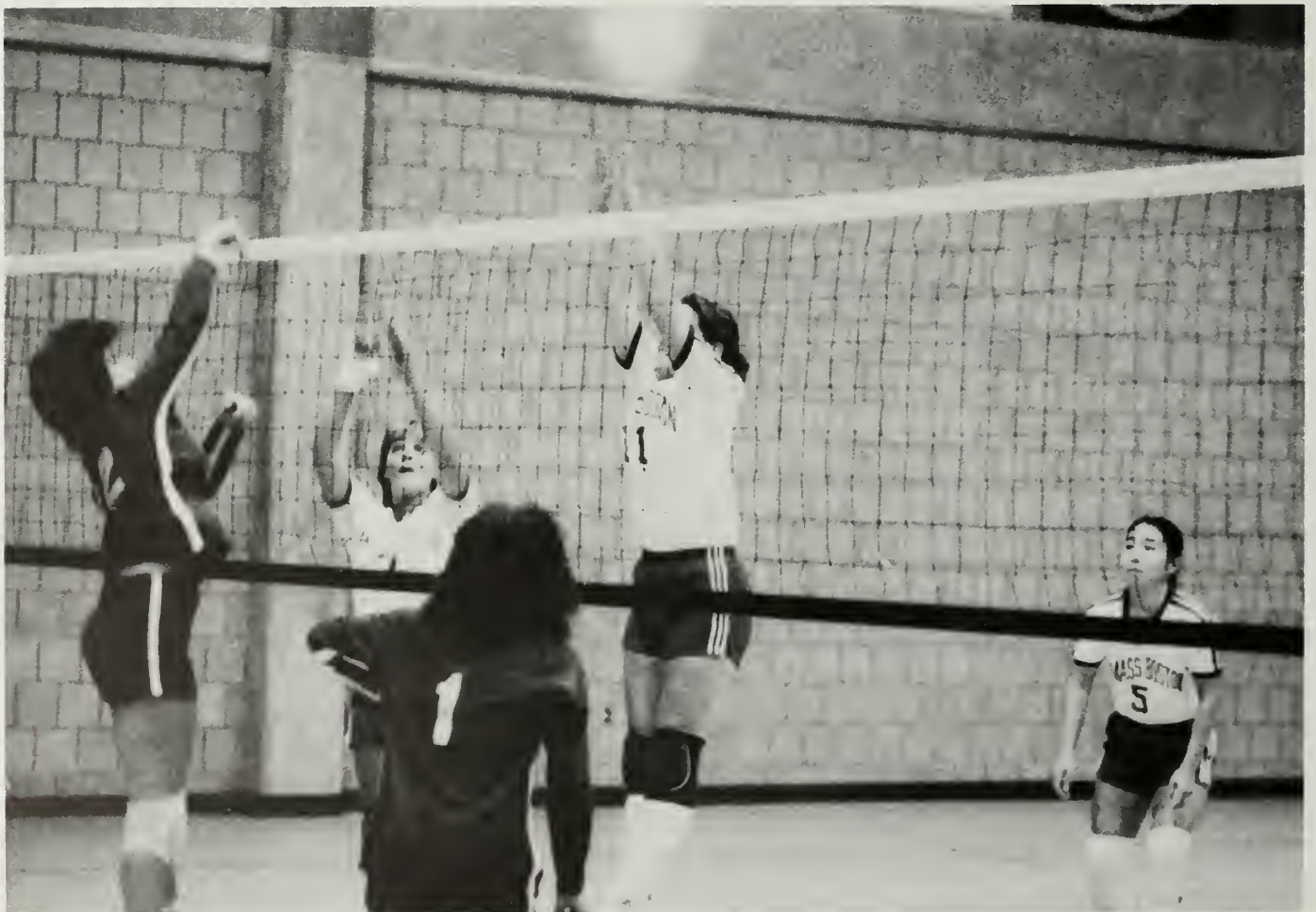


VOLLEYBALL



Graduation certainly took its toll on the 1983-1984 UMB Volleyball team, as the team compiled a mark of six wins against nine defeats, following the 1982 season when the club went to the M.A.I.A.W. Tournament.

However, with only two returning starters, Head Coach Mary Ann Sowell and Asst. Coach Trish Scorza, did a fine job, winning three of the final five matches.







MATCHES
WATCH

WRESTLING





SPRING FACE-OFF: LACROSSE





FIT FOR LIFE

Former National Mile Champion, All-American in 1500 and 300 meters, Olympic Trialist, Billy Squires is an athlete of certain success. He still races on occasion - to prove he still can. But beyond his triumphs as a runner, Squires has expanded on his natural ability to cover related ground as a coach, professor, and author.

Squires has held a teaching position since 1958, currently as Assistant Professor of Health Sciences at UMB. As a coach, his name is known as trainer of famous men and women marathon winners. Yet Squires does not cover the walls of his UMB cubicle with his famous runners; one gets the impression that he would coach any talented runner with the same

enthusiasm for hard work and excellence — if that runner matches up to Squires' standards.

Undeniably, his coaching success has cleared the path for Squires in other ventures. But it is his ability to keep moving that ultimately determines further achievements. Author of three books, T.V. commentator for NBC and the BBC, medical panelist, endorser of watches and clothes, and developer of the soon-to-be released computer game "Challenge Marathon," Squires works with a distance runner's perseverance in his life as well as sport.

Billy Squires hurries into his office with a slightly awkward air of being cramped and forced to move

slowly in the small space. From the Olympic pin in a tweed lapel to the tanned features and expensive toupee, everything about Squires maintains his attitude of being young at heart. He is confident. He is in shape. As his legs cross, a light wool pant leg lifts, revealing a sinewy runner's calf beneath his professional attire.

Yearbook: How do you see athletics fit into a definition of a well-rounded person?

Squires: I think a well rounded person is a person who can listen to the youth. But he has to be himself, he has to be a bit young at heart ... race with the kids.

(cont. pg. 131)

Yearbook: Does education fit into this well-roundedness?

Squires: My syllabus has been made up by my students. I have a checklist that they fill out. And they have to add something that's not there at the end of the course. For three points I'll get an answer on the final exam. And it works. They want to know about this and that, and the other thing. They don't worry about cholesterol, they don't worry about smoking; they want to know about social diseases. They want to know what does happen with abortion, and they wonder ... psychological breakdowns and problems.

Yearbook: What about the new fitness in the eighties?

Squires: The social element is to go to the health club. That's where you go meet the gal ... you know, not just the tavern like before. And they'll meet the gal that's probably more wholesome, and she'll meet the same type of guy. And they do care more about themselves. So what we have is people that are into swimming, running, biking, and pumping iron. A lot of people are going at it — because of their youth — very, very quickly. They're pushing too quick. It wouldn't happen with the person thirty or forty because they're at an age when they are going to go slower. But when you have a person who's twenty five she sets up a goal. And they'll go above them. Because if they go to the gym, or they go to the health club they drop a buck down. And they've got to drop time down. They're going and they're going to get their utmost out of it. ... They see Joe down the street, or Susie

up the block and say, 'if they can do it I can.' We've found in running that a majority of the people — the women, vanity sake what it is — run because they know they can drop weight through running. Then they keep it off when they get on a diet. This has been proven because it hurts so much to get in shape that you want to use only the food that's going to help you.

Yearbook: Is the running boom still on?

*There's no
word 'can't.'
Try and
you don't
fail.*

Squires: Oh yes. There's more races, and more people running. It has gone to a point where we are picking up women that are competitive. Not highly competitive, but where they will go out and race. Before they'd jog around the block. But now the 10k and 5k have cropped up ... At one time I'd find 95% men to 5% women. Now I'm finding 25% women competitive ... Biking never caught on. That's because of the cost of the bike. And you don't drop the weight. Swimming will never catch on ... It's a little boring. You have to put a lot of time into it to burn off the energy.

But it is safe. There's no pounding. You've got to do a lot of it to get the fitness ... I could have a person go two miles on a run and they'd have to go a thousand yards swimming, or have to bicycle at least twenty five miles. You know, that's time. Where you can cover two miles in probably twenty five minutes ... You start burning, cardiovascular, at about twenty five minutes.

Yearbook: After you stop running or exercising, how long will it take to get back into it?

Squires: If you were a good athlete, a high caliber one, it would take a good month ... That month you'd be just like the novice, getting muscles ready to train. But the thing is the actual novice will take a few months because he won't know that the little hurts are part of it and take it slower ...

Yearbook: You've been on both coasts ... is there a difference in attitudes towards education and athletics?

Squires: Athletically we're just asleep. We just don't believe in ourselves. On the West Coast more parents are involved with their kids because they're worried the kids will be out there playing with something else ... In my dictionary there's no word can't. If you try you don't fail even though you don't have success. That's the thing about Boston State I liked most. They were renegades from their parents, and they were losers until they saw how far they could really go. They didn't worry about mommy, daddy putting in four five thousand. They put in four five hundred. And it was theirs, to lose.

PAN-AFRICAN



MORE CLUBS . . .

ASSOCIATION

ACCOUNTING AND FINANCE



CONSULTANT

CONNECTION



PHILOSOPHY CLUB

HILLEL



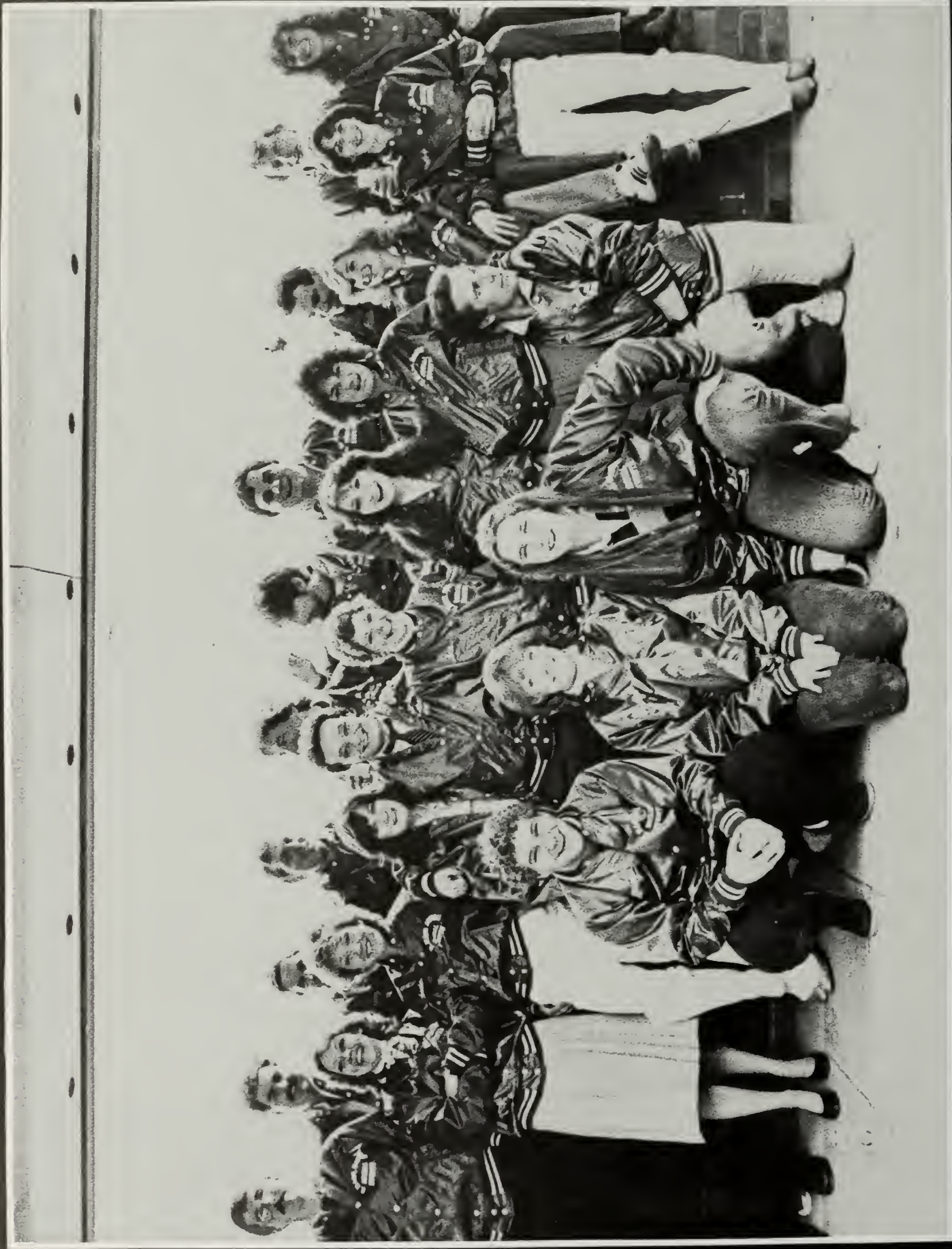
PSYCHOLOGY CLUB



THE CLUB ON WHEELS CLUB



SOCIAL EVENTS CLUB



THE LITTLE RASCALS



*"So now that you've
graduated,
what're you going into?"*

CAREER DAY

1

I.B.M., M.I.T., RKO, N.E. Bell, and others faced off with UMB students one fine spring day on the Clark Center Rink. Representatives of these major companies and corporations offered brochures, handshakes, and good wishes. What else could a graduating senior want? However, no jobs were being offered at career day. And half the committed company tables were unattended much of the day. To say the least, senior enthusiasm was limited. Why doesn't UMB treat Career Day as a real event, one where prospective employers hungrily seek out qualified graduates? Why won't the University think Big Time?

9

8

4



Worked while a Student	92.3%
full-time	21.7%
part-time	70.6%

Average Yearly Income:

Less than \$5,000	47.3%
\$5,000 - \$10,000	30.4%
\$10,000 - \$15,000	5.3%
\$15,000 - \$20,000	4.3%
over \$20,000	11.1%

POST GRADUATION PLANS

I. Immediate Plans

look for a full-time job	41.1%
look for a part-time job	2.4%
attend graduate school full-time	5.8%
attend graduate school part-time	30.9%
other	12.1%
undecided	7.7%

II. Employment Plans

A. Have Full-Time Job Waiting After Graduation

Yes	34.3%
No	65.2%

B. Have Written a Resume

Yes	53.6%
No	25.6%
In the process	20.8%

C. Optimistic About Occupational Future

To a great extent	41.1%
To some extent	46.9%
Not at all	12.1%

SENIOR SURVEY

*Statistics from Of-
fice of Student Af-
fairs survey 9/83.*





Not every senior can make it to the formal portrait sessions. In an attempt to capture at least the memory of a face, the 1984 Yearbook presents these alternative UMB senior photos. It just goes to show you the majority of UMB students can not be categorized.

SENIOR PHOTOS

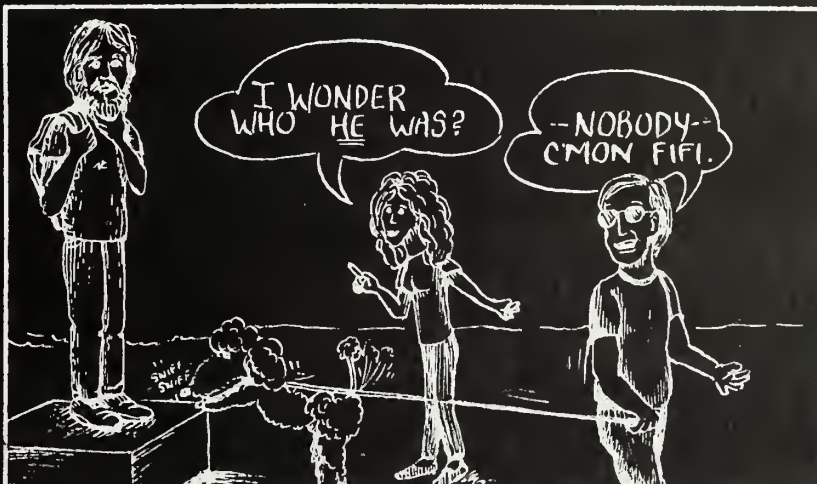




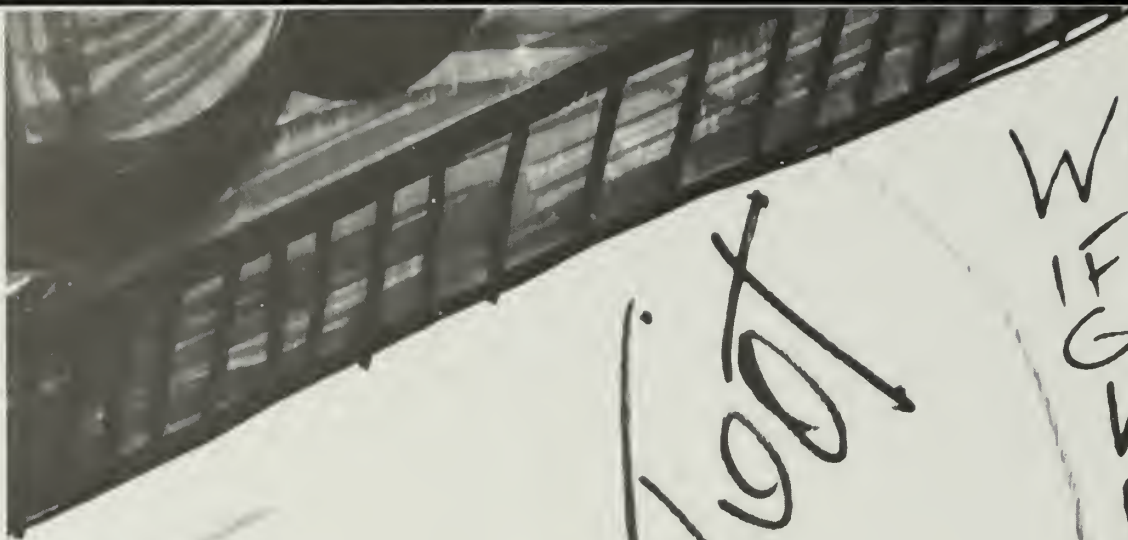


SENIORS





1984/1985



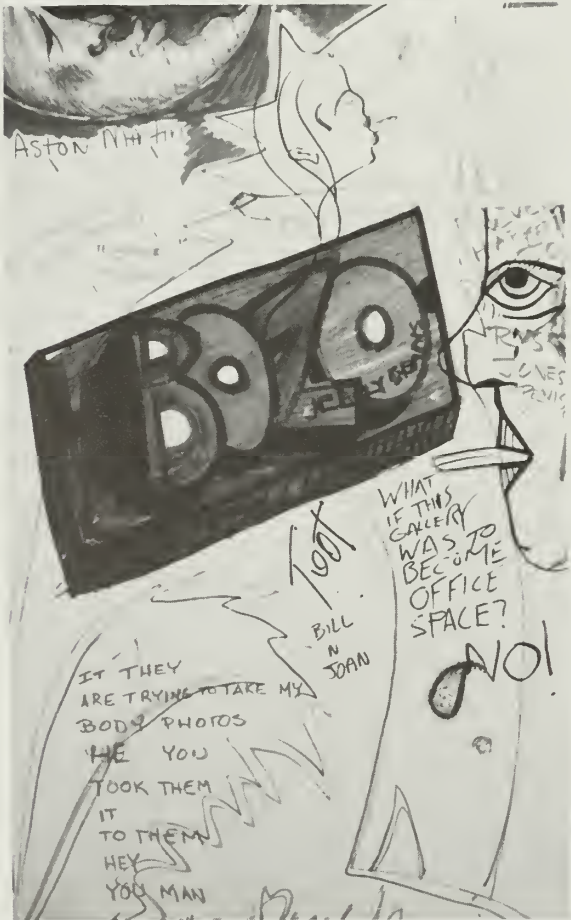
100

BILL
N
JOAN

WHAT
IF THIS
GALLERY
WAS TO
BECOME
OFFICE
SPACE?

No

HEY
RYING TO TAKE MY
PHOTOS



Aston N.H. III

WHAT
IF THIS
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BILL
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IT THEY
ARE TRYING TO TAKE MY
BODY PHOTOS
HE YOU
TOOK THEM
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TO THEM
HEY
YOU MAN

It was a warm spring day on the plaza between 010-020. Philosophy classes looked out on the scene with vague interest. Students walking by were roped in by SAC politicians offering free hot dogs for a signature. "Save Our Gallery," and "Ya Gotta Have Arts" were sprawled on posterboard. Not exactly everyone's art, but this is how the Harbor Gallery was saved — by politics.

Pictured, Graffiti Boards at Student Art Show.



Poets,



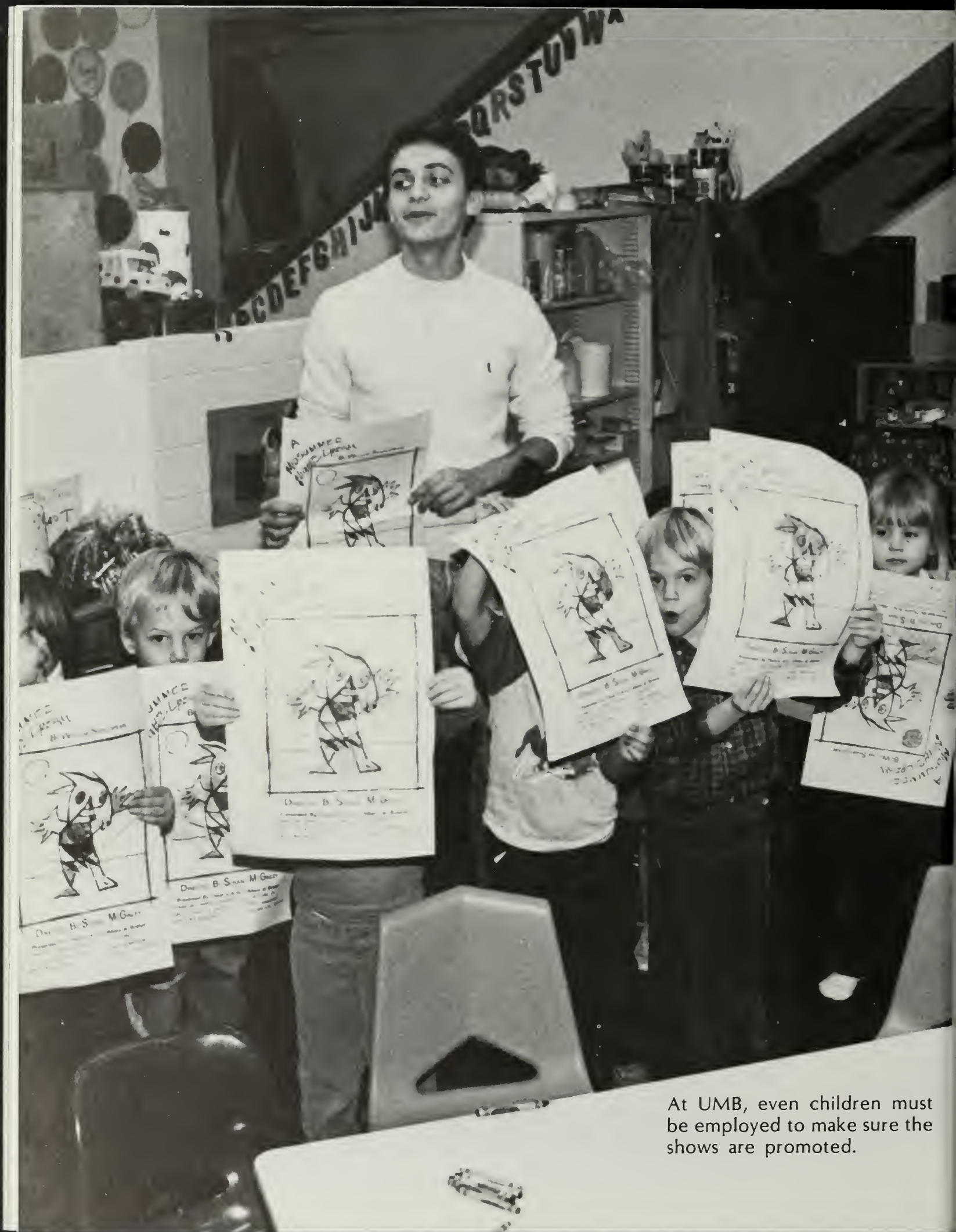
Storytellers,



and Puppeteers,



Musicians and Artists of all kinds made the Gallery an interesting and exciting place for the UMB community.



At UMB, even children must be employed to make sure the shows are promoted.



The choir had to rehearse in abandoned classrooms.



And the Drama Club made use of the building 010 lounge to perform "Landscapes of the Body."



Others took it outside completely.



150

This American Dream sculpture proved so successful at the UMB student show that it was carted off to the Boston Common for general public enjoyment.

And in the end of Spring '84, the Harbor Gallery remained open as art space. The whole artsy dilemma proved that if UMB students motivate around an issue, their signature can influence some University decisions. However, in a final measure against Art at UMB, steps were taken — without controversy — to abolish the semesterly literary magazine "Wavelength."





*In American drama, a revival of Aurthur Miller's **Death of a Salesman** starring Dustin Hoffman (The Graduate) showed Broadway's continuing commitment to the tried and true. Pictured, UMB student with favorite Miller essays.*



*In the more modern American Theatre, Sam Shepard's career rocketed to stardom as both actor and playwright. Pictured: UMB students perform Shepard's **Cowboy Mouth**, a production which also enjoyed a professional Boston theatre stint.*





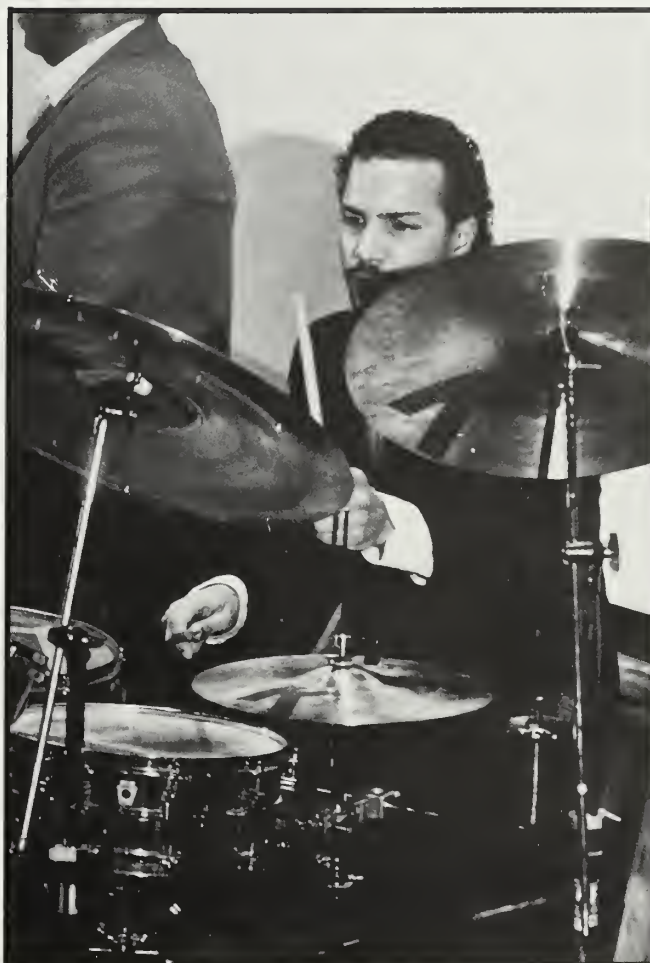
DIZZY BLOWS FOR 20TH



Be-bop veteran Dizzy Gillespie brought his band of accomplished modern jazzers to UMB in celebration of the University's 20th Anniversary.

Playing a long and spirited concert, Dizzy mixed standards with his own famous compositions. The night's standout was the gritty hard driving Gillespie classic "Manteca," a twenty minute version fueled by outstanding rhythm section charge and angrily pointed solo performances by the entire band.

A sellout crowd jammed the Large Science Auditorium, all in attendance enjoying this the most important musical happening of UMB's history.





The New Ro-mericans

ANOTHER BRITISH WAVE



Driving to the Harbor Campus to watch a friend's student film, listening to the radio, that friend's mother asked about a song. It was "Time" by Culture Club. "Oh, I know the title," Henri proudly said. "But what kind of music is it?" I told her it was commonly labeled "New Romantics." She wanted to know why. Not wanting to define the trend in terms of Boy George's cornrowed hair, or by mentioning the effects of Ziggy Stardust, I said New Romantics was about love and death. Henri thought a moment, listening: *"Time won't give me time, but time makes lovers feel, like they've got something real, but you and me we know we've got nothin' but time ..."*

"Same as the old Romantics," Henri remarked.

The point is a fifty year old could somewhat relate to New Romantic music. She had a harder time with her daughter's punky film. New Romantics was not the soundtrack; the danceable new sounds would not have slammed quite right against guns and guts images of America the bestial. And if 1984's popular music is any reflection on American



Groups like the Thompson Twins, above, Boy George, opposite top, and the Simple Minds, opposite bottom, have arrived on this newest wave.

culture, things are becoming more conservative with each passing musical wave.

Seventies America bought a brief bout with Punk and New Wave, but mostly revealed a need for dance music. The popular song has always been to dance to. In the eighties, the U.S. has adopted a highly danceable British synthesizer music critics call "syntho-pop," "techno-pop," and "New Romantics." The music combines synthesizers, disco rhythms, and plaintive vocals to form a multi-layered, high-gloss sound. Everyone has heard groups like Duran-Duran, Eurythmics, The Human League, and Culture Club. New Romantic songs top radio playlists throughout America. Still, the overall New Ro — an American shortening of the term "New Romantic" for the already dead British source trend — has remained virtually anonymous. Everyone knows when a punker walks in the room, but can you spot the *New Ro*?

Culturally, not sociologically or psychologically — what's ever been logical about a pop song? See "Yummy Yummy Yummy (I've Got Love in My Tummy)" — New Ro hits a gut level. Their song lyrics avoid any grand social commentary. It's dance music with a quirky synthesized rhythm and melody that Americans of all ages are ingesting this year. New Ro does what any good pop song should: it provides a good time. It's junk food for the ears, tasty, but not substantial. With New Ro you can dance if you want to, and not worry about getting puked on or slammed.

Punk was just too radical for the States. Only the Clash have survived the seventies. And their cartoonish politics have only recently been widespread in their latest attempts. Those who couldn't swallow harsh vintage Clash and Sex Pistols find New Ro more enjoyable. New Romantics is more palatable to a pop sensibility than bitter Punk. But this

accepted status is only the audio portion of Techno-pop.

You hear someone's dad whistling "Sweet Dreams." Syntho-pop is catchy. But that same dad, upon seeing a New Romantic, might make first glance comments of eunuch or dyke. The common reaction shows the negative American colors in judging new trends, especially if the issue of masculine/feminine is at stake. Most Americans don't have such conflicts. They buy records and watch MTV, never seeing New Ro in their own backyards.

In the States, there really aren't too many die-hard followers of the total trend. To mainstream Boston, these men in eye liner and voguish bored women are simply another batch of weirdo wavers on a stroll down Nouveau-bury Street. Those really into techno-pop seem to have stepped out of an album cover. Multiple ear pierces, makeup, and hair swept oh so severely over one

eye are the things that dreams are made of — being, or at least looking like a syntho-star.

In any fashion styles change constantly. For a New Romantic, this transience is "it" more than any catalogue of what was worn where this week. (Black and red are always big; Captain's hats were in one week at New York City's Danceteria; dresses are more vogue than thrift shop New Wave). Really New Ro people are modern clothes horses. Before an evening out, a trip to the closet determines what's coolest on that particular night. Grooming is important, to say the least. Those hair doos that wave out like sea gull wings take some doing. Before heading out the New Romantic primps in front of the mirror,



checking one's ass. But likewise for millions of other American's in their evening rituals. Some things never change. In New Ro style, it's the details that don't change that bother America. A unisex theme gives New Ro-mericans a risky public image limited.

In this country we can wear what we want to. But if you dress for life like a costume party you know that what you wear determines where you are accepted. With a New Ro look, the employment picture is clear. To incorporate this look into lifestyle, most New Ro-mericans work at art cinemas, record stores, or New Wave shops. Many are students, and UMB has its share of New Romantic enthusiasts. But to make any statement about the people who consider themselves New Romantic would be fatuous. People define the trend, and in such a course of individual obsession a general statement about the type of people involved is impossible. As one British New Romantic noted, however, "We

started to dress up because we were bored."

New Ro. A quirky sounding word that ties into the syntho nature of this music's instrumentation. Like high tech for high technology, New Ro is a word synthesis. Synthesizer is key. Though popular for years in rock and disco, synthesizers mark New Ro as the first really high tech popular music. In the eighties high tech has become a buzzword for President Reagan and a source of power and revenue in Massachusetts. UMB is now considering a computer core requirement. This important aspect of modern America is bound to have cropped up in a cultural reflection. Pronounce *New Ro* as a shortening of New Romantic — just stop before the "mantic." In this way, the syntho-sound of New Ro corresponds to a technologically motivated America.

Now make the stresses of *New Ro* more syllabic or balanced, resulting in an abbreviation of "New Eur-

"We started to dress up because we were bored."



opean." Neu-ro. So *New Ro* combines the high tech outlook with the latest Euro fashions. It can also be understood as a shortened form of Neurotic. Some certainly see this off-beat trend as neurotic, though perhaps *New Ro* is really as ambiguous as the term neurotic is to a shrink. In the eighties we are all somewhat *New Ro*.

From ABC's "Lexicon of Love," to Soft Cell's "The Art of Falling Apart," *New Romantics* covers love and death in true Romantic fashion. Early 19th century Romantics Keats, Shelley, and Byron composed emotional poems concerned with solitude, self, and hearts. Inspiration was the soul's ache and joy. Romantic poetry makes no explicit social commentary; it is introspective, understood as an inward turn from a rapidly mechanizing world. Romantic odes and sonnets can be heard today as dance music of a distant era.

The flashy *New Romantics* beg comparison. They too leave unanswered their day's questions, such matters as capitalism vs. communism, and the automated expanding universe. But the irony in comparing *New Ro* and *Old Ro* lies in the New's use of machines to telegraph human emotions. In 1984, *New Romantics* represent man's acceptance of a mechanized world — even as he retains an introspective nature.

One thing about this music, it does not cause any riots or scenes. It is passive. It is tranquil and private in its cries of "Who's That Girl?" and "Is There Something I Should Know?"

New Romantics maintains the Euro scene of see and be seen: we are all in the cafe of life, mingling, slightly annoyed. *New Ro* does not inspire terror.

Almost no one is threatened by its quirky beat. With soothing high tech syntho-sounds and eye catching Euro fashions, *New Ro* seems to skirt most controversy. It's safe, pop.

Still, the Anti-*New Ro*-mericans consider the genderless society as something of a deviant chameleon. Again, people have a hard time with the visual aspects of *New Romanticism*. Yet this image intrigues America as well.

In these times of legislative equal rights, gender remains a confused issue. The most apparent evidence of this is revealed by everyday dialogue. For instance, there is no basic means to express *no* specific gender — how to refer to the average person on the street. Maybe *New Ro* plays on this shortcoming, showing the neutered look to be somewhat enlightened. But it is more than likely something less than a miracle.

Looks aren't everything in 1984. And conventional society's men and women in blue blazers and khaki could surely be seen as genderless to an objective Martian. It is possible, even probable that the entire *New Romantic* look is bogus, designed to sell the music by attracting American attention on MTV. As the Boy said at the 1984 Grammy Awards — from London — "Thanks America. You've got taste, you've got style, and you

know a good drag queen when you see one."

For now, the U.S.A. buys *New Ro* records, keeping distant from buying all involved in a *New Ro* way. As the eighties wear on, American fashions and life styles become more conservative. People look at *New Romantics* with a definite fascination, yet watch it change into the next wave. Someday Boy George and the like will seem as humorous and outdated to the next generation as Flash Gordon appeared to ours. But you know that someday, somewhere, *New Ro* will be playing on some oldies station. You'll remember the song and the look of 1984 as someone's kid asks you what it's all about.



MORNING

.....



Wake up, go to the bathroom,
look out the window ...



Go to the bathroom, wake up, look out the window ...



Look out the window, go
to the bathroom, wake
up, go to school.

..... LATE NIGHT

"Where else but America could you see Bob Dylan and Liberace on the same show?"

David Letterman was in awe, shell shocked, beyond even the catch phrase "Hard to believe" which he throws out to his nightly audience of college students and insomniacs. "Well, Dave," Yearbook asked, "How was it?" Letterman excused himself for seeming a little off: "Dylan wanted to meet Liberace. Liberace was preparing something, cooking ... you'll have to see for yourself."

In an attempt to examine a Yearbook from as many different points of view as possible, *UMB 1984* sought a celebrity capable of standing up to the idiocy involved in discussing the year's — and the American years of all time — pop culture.

David Letterman, pop culture

celebrity, seemed just such a choice. Even his name has that All-American kind of ring to it. Would you ever think that David Letterman never attended college?

David Letterman hosts a talk show that airs late at night. In fact, it's called "Late Night With ... " you know who. With all this rather obvious information to go on the Yearbook arranged to interview this guy with the nice-guy image and a college kind of name to ask him about his own university experiences and his own yearbook.

As it turned out, Letterman did attend college. He reported this and the conversation came to an uncontested brink of expectation. "Well, Dave," the Yearbook asked, "Which college did you attend?"

"I attended Ball State," Letterman said. His voice had that same bemused quality over the telephone receiver it does over the television speaker. His face and tie were missed.

Someone in the Yearbook office was screaming to ask the Star about Liberace and toast on a stick. Letterman was not asked.

"Oh yes, Dave," the Yearbook remarked, "that reminds me. Do you know what our school colors are?"

"I have no idea," Letterman said.

"Auburn and Kelley Green."

After telling David Letterman that UMB's colors were not Auburn's or Bowling Green's, we moved on to the socially relevant segment of our discussion. The Yearbook asked, "Is your Yearbook important to you?"

Without a second thought the celebrity replied, "A yearbook is something, but nothing much. I'm not really all that sure what my yearbook means to me ... I don't even know where it is right now. It's not on my shelf ... "

"You did get a Yearbook though, didn't you?"

"This is the most unusual line of questioning ... yeah, I paged through it to see my picture. Everything looked OK, so it was OK."

Generally speaking, David Letterman did not want to talk about his college days at all. Further questions revealed that David lived in a dorm, moved to a frat house, and was a little scared by his overall college experience. His was, to speak here obviously, not exactly the UMB experience.

To close, the Yearbook asked Letterman if he found anything else striking about his college days.

"Nope. College was fine."

"WE CAN BE BETTER"



"A university exists to teach you about the universe."

James Baldwin, distinguished novelist and essayist, began his talk with the question: What is a University? "A university exists to teach you about the universe, and [to teach you] to ask questions and to question all the answers." A true university, Baldwin continued, develops something no church or state wants to see: an independent mind. Church and state are interested "not in how you live, but that you feel guilty about it. This makes good soldiers and good citizens."

Baldwin's remarks also focused on the betrayal of today's young people by their elders. Baldwin said that apathy is not the problem among young people today — he's been receiving "real questions

about real problems." Rather, the problem lies in the morality inherent in a consumer society. The ideals young people encounter at the university collide horribly with the commercial values they observe in society at large. "From Hollywood to New York" Baldwin said, "no other country rewards mediocrity so extravagantly." This discrepancy in outlook, Baldwin maintained, has its roots in the double standard preached by America's founding fathers — one for white European settlers, another for black slaves. According to Baldwin, this country was not established by freedom-loving heroes. For proof he cited the fact that the Declaration of Independence carefully neglects to prohibit slavery. This ingrained injustice — directed primarily toward the black population — "corrupts our institutions to this very day."

The black man's unrecognized heritage in Africa and America, Baldwin contended, poses a special problem, for the black is "despised by history. He comes from chaos into chaos, free to forge a new identity, but lost in lies about himself."

American history, Baldwin explained, refuses to acknowledge its failures and to fill in important omissions, thus perpetuating a myth of equality.

To spring this trap, Baldwin said, every community leader has to ask how we as a people have arrived at this place in our history. "Ignorance rules in this country as never before," he stated, and the danger in which a black man once walked now threatens us all. Baldwin also commented that people are evil out of panic, or laziness, but added, "We can be

better than we are."

Casting his thoughts on international issues, Baldwin said that the power of the Western world to control other minds has diminished considerably in recent years. The West — most stubbornly the United States — refuses to recognize this fact, according to Baldwin, and no amount of arms and propaganda will be able to sustain such unfounded power. Western governments, he said, are "more likely to blow up the globe before they will share it."

"From Hollywood to New York, no other country rewards mediocrity so extravagantly."

Baldwin also observed the West's resistance to change — a potentially fatal characteristic — in a humorous light. "They used to say that the sun never set on the British Empire; now one can't find it," he joked.

Following his formal remarks, Baldwin opened the forum to accept questions from his audience. How could Baldwin profess love for America, one student asked, when his remarks painted an America that was decidedly unlovable? "Because of its possibilities and my voyages," Baldwin answered. One woman asked how an average person could effect change in today's world. Having stated at the outset that he had no solutions for the world's ills, Baldwin offered that one should simply confront injustice and not give up. He also advised patience and a realistic vision.

BIOLOGIST'S NOTEBOOK

VICTORIA APSIT'S

COSTA RICA

Costa Rica has come to occupy a very special place in my life. It isn't just a spot on the map anymore. In addition to being a model for land and resource conservation, this country is hauntingly beautiful.

As soon as Fall semester classes were over my journey began. I had to get to Puerto Viejo, in the tropical rain forests of Costa Rica, to do an independent study on tropical trees. I was also to collect leaf tissue and seed specimens for a National Science Foundation project that the Biology department was doing.

12/16/83: I missed the scheduled run to the field station, but I lucked out and caught a ride on a wood truck. The ride over the mountains was breathtaking: over steep and winding roads, through low lying clouds, by waterfalls and the greenest, most lush vegetation. I thought I must be dreaming.

Finally, there is the bridge. I'm actually at the field station, La Selva. Lunch is ready for me and then the director arrives for some indoctrination, including tips on avoiding snakes. For the most part I spend the day making plans for the next day. I'm up late listing arboretum locations for the trees I am seeking.

12/17/83: First thing, I'm out slipping and sliding,



getting used to traipsing on the mouldy, mushy trails. I get discouraged about finding only one leaf specimen right off the bat. I get lost briefly, but find the trail again. No snakes seen. The mass of vegetation is awesome — plants climb and crawl all over each other. It has rained all day, and the humidity clouds up the binoculars.

A few times today I have tried to picture what I look like from above — from the point of view of a snake in the tangled branches overhead. As I walk the trails my bright orange umbrella must appear odd from such a height: like a wobbling mushroom making its way along the jungle trails — weaving, slipping, and getting its gills stuck in dangling vines.

12/18/83: Things are looking up. I arrived with a list of twelve trees to collect from and no idea at all of what they looked like. I am developing "search images" of them, and this morning a few of the species are recognizable among the hundreds that line the trails.

Tonight I caught sight of the nearly full moon rising before dark. There's a moment after which it truly becomes night; the nocturnal creatures begin their chorus — so many exotic sounds blending into a single noise. Delightful.

12/23/83: When I awoke today, more rain. Enough rain, already! For five days now I've been slogging out into the jungle, getting wet, tagging trees, reading a compass, losing and finding trails, batting bugs and developing snake phobias. Every vine brushing against my body seems to be a poisonous snake, poised and ready to strike at the least provocation. But I am slowly getting over my fear. I've seen a couple of them along the walk from the lab to the station, and I almost pissed on a tree viper

in the jungle. I've come to realize that they'll slither away as fast as they possibly can in order to avoid human contact. That's fine with me: no snake and human contact.

I called Boston. David answered the phone in the lab at UMass. Granted, I've grown fond of the lad, but **never** so fond as when he answered the phone and I had the sounds of home in my ears. As much as this place intrigues me, I can't help feeling homesick. I will, however, get over it.

There are insects in the bathroom that are not to be believed. One was a Lepidoptera with a wing span of about seven inches. If you blow on its brown furry wings the fur ripples but the bug doesn't even move. In my room, I've seen only crippled insects. I tried to rescue a green, mantis-like creature whose legs were all tangled up in spider webby stuff. The creature was near death when I tried ever so gently to pull the sticky web stuff from its delicate tarsi without pulling off the tarsi themselves.

12/24/83: I went to Mary Lou's home for Christmas Eve. There were zillions of people there: sisters, brothers, in-laws, nieces, nephews and friends. I

felt strange at first, speaking no Spanish and Mary Lou with only a bit more English, but her mother hugged me, and we certainly did smile a lot.

The house: the front was a one room store with a Christmas tree in the corner. Behind that was a large kitchen with two bedrooms off of it: a small one with a big bed and a big one with four single beds. Out the back door was a roofed over area with a woodburning stove and an outdoor shower. There was also a back yard with a small garden and an outhouse. Inside the kitchen was a well-water supplied sink, a gas stove and refrigerator, a table



in the middle of the concrete floor, a couch at one end of the room and an easy chair at the opposite end. The roof was corrugated aluminum. There was a hutch which held, among other things, a TV set. Overhead was a single, dim bulb. Chickens wandered in and out through the back door. The aroma was one of the best things: a combination of earth and smoke.

For a while, I just sat eating tamales at the kitchen table, but when we broke into the bottle of rum I had brought things began to get lively. Pretty soon I was dancing with Mary Lou's brothers, then her mother, and then the children. After about an hour of this fun some of us walked to a cantina in the town to dance and celebrate **Feliz Navidad**. All night we danced and drank. Even the waiter danced with me. Walking back home, I saw a sky filled with a googol of stars; the air was so warm and moist that it felt slippery.

1/3/84: Tonight, I've been hanging around with someone from the station; we were looking for insects, traipsing around in the wet grass, playing ping pong, and just doing a lot of talking. I realize how much I miss close companionship: a hug and a comforting voice telling me that it's OK that I'm still learning to become a biologist, that it's OK that I don't know as much as the people here with ten years experience. I also realize how far it is that I have to go to know enough — even enough to be able to answer only half of the questions I have. I am irreversibly in love with pollination ecology, and I want to know it all: about plants, their world, their strategies for survival. I need to know all of these things.

1/4/84: Today was a typical day at Finca La Selva. First, there is the early breakfast at six AM so we can get out on the trails before the heat. For me, missing lunch is more convenient than rushing back for a meal. Doing that would reduce collection time, so the cook packs me a lunch. On the trails I just keep walking for hours. There is no place to sit down. After six or so hours I head back to the lab to process samples and complete my notebook entries. Dinner is at six and, as usual, people are prompt. The dining arrangements are strictly Darwinian: survival of the first to reach the tables and swiftest with the serving spoons.

The life at La Selva is comfortable: warm showers, flush toilets, an air conditioned lab, a washer and, more importantly, a dryer. Clothes would probably never dry in this climate without one. At night the

path between the station and the lab is pitch black. I am equipped with a **muy** powerful flashlight, and glad of it because most of the poisonous snakes are nocturnal.

1/6/84: The station directors have returned from their holiday, so at last they have assigned me a field assistant. I am now looking for ten entirely new species, so I am very grateful to have Gerrardo's help. Today, a downpour all morning prevented any outside work, but just before noon the rain let up and Gerrardo and I set out. The language barrier was frustrating, though. Despite the director's instructions in Spanish, nothing was accomplished. Once we were on our own, the communication gap seemed irreconcilable.

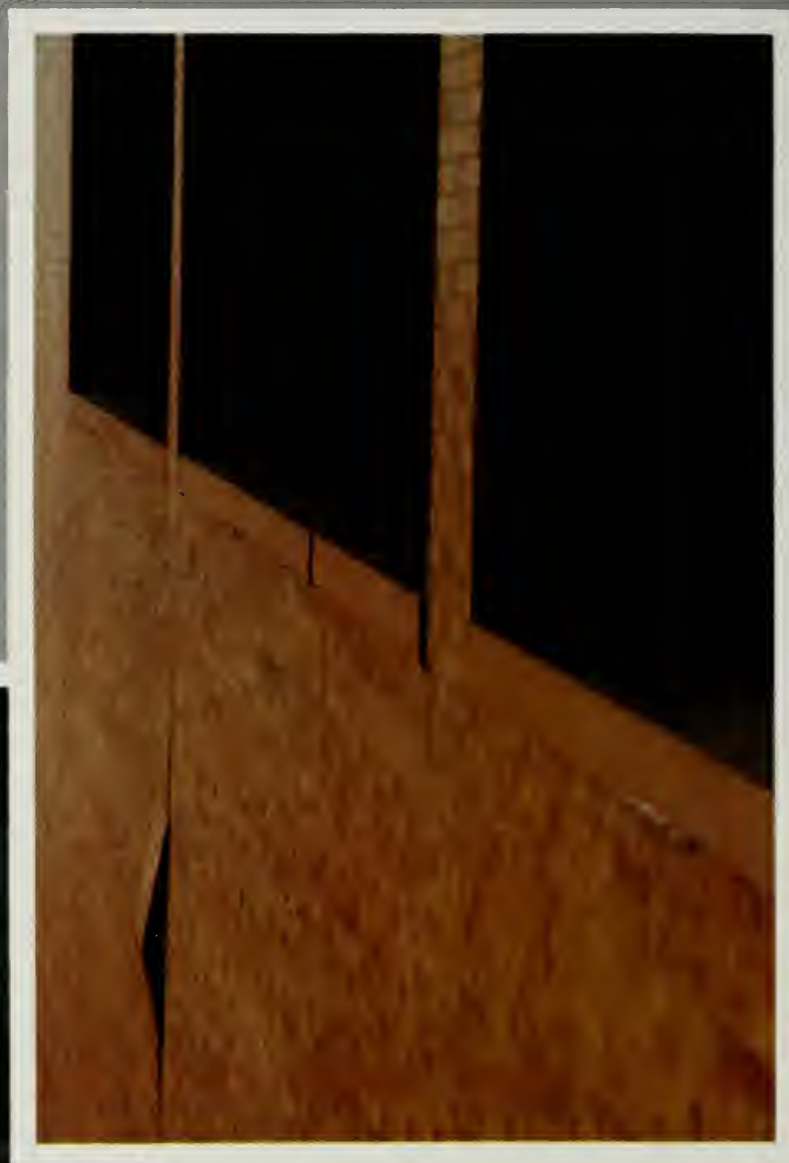
1/7/84: We went out again, but this time armed with dictionaries: **Ingles-Espanol**. As we walked along the trails collecting, we'd surreptitiously consult our books, sometimes looking up to find the other hastily turning pages, searching for a word. What a wonderful feeling when two people can make themselves understood.

Collecting with Gerrardo more than made up for my solitary time. We would charge through the underbrush, trying to catch a leaf before it became lost on the ground, shrieking, "I got it, I got it!" Sometimes we would have to use a slingshot to bring a leaf down, and laugh when it seemed impossible. After working with Gerrardo it was impossible not to grow fond of him. He was so earnest, wanting to do so many things. He was learning English and studying at home for his high school diploma. From the aroma of smoke and soap trailing behind him I could picture his family, his house, and how they live. He is determined, and I know he will succeed.

1/9/84: The day before I must leave and the sun comes out. No more rainy season. Already I feel nostalgia. The rain forest does something to those who visit. The forest, itself an endangered species, offers a glimpse into the way life was on earth before any other climate existed. To walk through the rain forest is to walk through a timeless place.

1/11/84: After the warmth of the jungle, I was totally unprepared for the cold and snow at Logan. I was wearing tropical garb and I nearly froze getting to my brother's car. Indeed, the welcoming party at the airport was warm and gratifying, but I would rather have turned around and headed back for Central America.

BRICKS TO BRILLIANCE



Standing in the apartment I had left behind four weeks earlier, it seemed I had been gone an eon. I thought about what had enabled me to make the trip: persistence and a sympathetic ear in the Biology Department as UMass. I plan to return to the tropics through the auspices of organizations such as the National Science Foundation and the Organization for Tropical Studies. Opportunities do exist to study tropical biology, and I intend to find them. Costa Rica, you have not seen the last of me.

From Morrissey Boulevard the Harbor Campus buildings look fortress-like. Look at this view often enough and they begin to seem medieval; there's a tall tower,



squat outbuildings, a moat and a narrow causeway flanked by a guardhouse. The medieval comparison extends even further into the interior of the campus. UMass has a protected inner courtyard and narrow walkways connecting the vital parts of the castle. Access into the complex is limited; there are very few entrances. The parking garage is the dungeon.

This is apt, considering the parking shortage torture.

It has taken me years to refine this analogy between the Harbor Campus and medieval castles. Imagination is needed to look at such modern buildings in such an archaic light. When I was first exposed to the Harbor Campus architecture, four distant years



"A campus only a daughter could love."

translated into actual places: real classrooms with a route in between. What kind of university, I wondered, can't be bothered to even name their buildings? What kind of university, I muttered, isolates itself out on a peninsula, away from the city?

Since then, though, I have actually grown fond of the Harbor Campus buildings, but it's hard to sort out whether this isn't because I've grown fond of the University itself. The buildings haven't changed much, but my point of view has become nostalgic as the end of my time here approaches. There is a cliché about ugly people having "faces only a mother could love." The architecture of the Harbor Campus is beloved, perhaps, in the same way; this is a campus only a daughter could love.

The most striking feature of the campus is its site. We are surrounded on three sides by water. We are an urban university on a campus which is almost entirely isolated from the rest of the city. Our neighbors are a nearly empty housing project, a sewage treatment plant, a boy's high school, and a library of more interest to the occasional hapless tourist than to the populace of the city. There are no cozy student bars, no handy coffee shops, no bookstores and boutiques catering to the student population. There is no neighborhood associated with UMass. Virtually nothing exists which would distract us from the serious business of being educated.

We do have, though, some spectacular views and brisk ocean breezes. I'm trying to look for the advantages of the site. Most of the students at UMass lead full, complicated lives. They must try to balance jobs, families, and the demands of urban life along with their education. The isolation of the campus— the simplicity imposed by this isolation— may be soothing to an otherwise harried student body. We all know where the city is; just look out

of any north-facing window to find it. And we all know how to get there, so why feel that it's necessary to have the city surrounding the school? We can turn our isolation into an opportunity to find blessed solitude— monkish solitude, even.

In an effort to better appreciate UMass's modern buildings I led an architect friend of mine around the Harbor Campus one day. She was able to explain why certain things were done as they were, and she actually liked a lot of what she saw. She was also able to at least explain the theories behind the things that she didn't like that well. First of all, she pointed out that there was an overall plan to the campus— to the way traffic moves into, out of and through it. The basic idea was to separate traffic into different levels. The planners wanted to totally isolate vehicle traffic from pedestrian traffic. This explains why there is only one road into the campus and only one drop-off and pick-up point for pedestrians. Cars were considered to be nuisances, destined to be replaced by mass transit. In the Sixties, the decade which most influenced the planning of the campus, planners were known to design features which made it inconvenient to arrive at a place by private car. It's hard to say whether the UMass planners were consciously striving for inconvenience, but they certainly achieved it by not including sufficient parking for the growing University. In their plan, the cars were to be tucked away, out of sight in the underground garage, so the harbor vistas would not be disrupted by ugly parking lots.

There are two distinct levels of pedestrian traffic; the ground level is intended to carry most of the flow, with the catwalk serving as a secondary level. Finally, when the catwalk was completed in late 1983, this plan was realized. Beyond being a weather-proof route between buildings, the catwalk serves visual purposes. It literally ties together the various buildings, making them seem to be parts of a whole rather than independent monuments which are only incidentally connected. It also provides interesting views; people like to look at other people. Those on the ground get to see those on the catwalk, and those in the catwalk get to watch those on the ground from a novel angle.

In practical terms, the catwalk means that a person can attend UMass for years without ever touching earth. It's true that those who arrive on campus by transit have to walk a few steps across the

busway, but there's a roof overhead, so they're not suffering that much. During bad weather the ground level outside is virtually deserted. On one particularly bad day I watched a lone soul fighting the wind on his way to Building One and wondered what had possessed him to go out into the elements. The catwalk has made weather obsolete.

One of my friend's favorite spots was the Science Building lobby. She liked the open feeling achieved by the clear, four-story sweep combined with the skylight. She also liked the outside of the building because of the greenhouse and the interesting little bundles of chimneys along the top. Anything that breaks up the flatness and regularity of the building should be appreciated.

I showed her different classrooms and got various reactions. Like most of us, she didn't like the windowless rooms. There should at least be windows in the doors. She noted that the lab classrooms in the Science Building had skinny, vertical windows built into the doors and wondered why that hadn't been carried through to other buildings. Windows in the doors, even skinny little ones, allow people to look at each other. It seems trivial and obvious, but people are reassured by knowing what's going on behind a door; they like glimpsing the activity on the other side. This "voyeur" principle was used for the ground level classrooms in Building Two, which have windows facing into the courtyard. The windows are enjoyed more by those passing by, looking in, than they are by those inside. Once again, it's a matter of people liking to look at other people.

I was puzzled by certain features of Building Two that she was able to explain. For instance, I had wondered about the ceilings; why had the pipes been left exposed and painted different colors? Evidently this was done to create a feeling of height without having to make the floors any taller. A person is aware of the higher ceiling without really consciously noticing what it looks like. Even though the eye isn't supposed to stray above the change from the white walls to the colored ceiling, there is awareness of the air space overhead. The pipes are left exposed for other reasons. If someone does happen to look up, the pipes are more interesting than a blank, false ceiling. Also, if something on the ceiling should need repair, it's easier to reach. Finally, and this is part of the Sixties

design mentality, the practical nature of pipes and ventilation ducts was not considered reason to hide them behind a false, cosmetic front. It's an architectural way of "letting it all hang out." Another thing I was curious about was the use of bright, primary colors to mark the different hallways. She explained that this was an attempt to make a stark, functional building friendlier—less intimidating. People are supposed to orient themselves by using color as a landmark. "All very Sixties," she summed up.

The library, she noticed, was not very well constructed. This didn't come as much of a surprise. We all know that the "police line" around the library is intended to keep us safe from falling bricks. She pointed out places inside the library where corners had been cut; techniques had been used to save time and money.

There were nice things about the library, though. I've already mentioned the spectacular views of the city and the harbor. After hours of reading, it's refreshing to be able to shift your focus and gaze out into the distance. She liked the open floors between four and five. They give the reference area a "grand hall" feeling. It's an attempt to create a modern-styled counterpart of the reading room of the Boston Public Library—a way of saying "this is a place of serious study." Another serious study spot is the set of double-decker corrals on the sixth floor. Climbing to the upper cubicle indicates that you are really serious about studying. Sitting in them feels a bit like sitting in a space capsule must feel: you're disconnected from earth and totally immersed in the task at hand. There are also places in the library for people who are serious about sleeping. This is to be expected, because sometimes it's nearly impossible to keep up with the pace many UMass students set for themselves.

The students who use the buildings are what really matters about a university. I remember a phrase that begins something like "a building is but brick and mortar . . ." and continues with the idea that the building is only a shell. It's the inner part, the people who occupy the building, that really count.

Sure it would be nice to have a campus of traditional ivy-covered buildings. There are notebooks sold in the bookstore which depict just such a building: a tower of learning fashioned out





of ancient stones. But that building is an anachronistic remnant from an era when universities were for the elite. UMass Boston is a Twentieth Century phenomenon, born out of Post-war changes. We are thoroughly practical, and the buildings of the Harbor Campus reflect that practicality. The buildings are used by hard-working, dedicated people, and it is the people here who've made the campus beautiful to me. Since my first semester the buildings haven't changed much, but my vision has. I can see castles where I once saw an unattractive pile of bricks.



A MIDSUMMER BRINGS MAGIC

Well after intermission two theatregoers straggled in, finding seats just behind me in the packed UMB Theatre Two. Admiring the muted tones of ceiling-high panels that formed the forest on stage, they settled in, the cold from their jackets wafting forward on this performance night of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

"Hey," the one said, "This is awesome. But I don't get it. What's happening?"

"It's one of those stories with a complicated thing. You know, plots."

"Yeah, but look at those faeries. Oh yeah. Nice costumes."

"See the one that just said 'peapods'? The one who used to go with Jim, well she's in love with that other guy in the white thing, the one who's seeing that girl in algebra ..."

And so Shakespeare's comedy of misdirected love was translated at the University of Massachusetts at Boston performed by the Drama Workshop. Director Susan L. McGinley evidently understood that a faithful production of MSND might not succeed at the university level, and she worked her class accordingly. Pared down from five acts to the length of a T.V. movie, this production attempted MSND as comedy for a contemporary American audience. Shakespeare brought back to the people, all understanding the play on their own level. But for the most part UMB'S version focused on Benny Hillish antics and slapstick stagings to root the interest level at the bottom of some comic scale — perhaps just as Wild Bill Shakespeare would have wanted it.

Basically, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* draws its substantial humor from the situation of four couples struggling with love. The Athenians: Theseus and Hippolyta, Lysander and Hermia, and Demetrius and Helena try to discover or rediscover their love through a series of ridiculous chases and speeches. They are helped by a similar battle of the sexes between Oberon and Titania, the king and queen of the faeries. When the faeries are employed to sprinkle love inducing chemicals upon the mismatched lovers, they err, causing a reversal in the plot of who loves whom. Add to this madness the bumbling rustics who rehearse and perform a play, "Pyramus and Thisby," and you get the idea of plots within plots.



NIGHT'S DREAM TO UMB



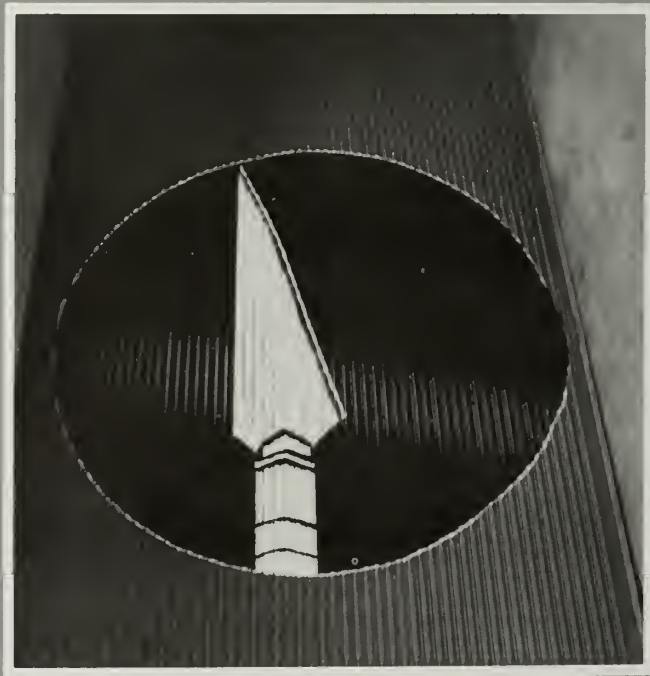
All elements of the UMB production were geared for a good laugh. Flute, the mechanical who plays Thisby, wore a tu-tu and cracked his voice; characters repeatedly leaped onto each other's backs; and Bottom the Weaver shouted and pounded his chest at every opportunity. But by far the most successful comic device in this production was the effective casting of five people in the role of the impious Puck, chief of faery mischief. The character Puck is responsible for spreading the love drugs to the eyes of the Athenians, and Titania. He speaks long passages of devious content in spectacular poetry that bridges the worlds of magic and reality. It's a most difficult part, a potential problem in any production of MSND that was nicely turned into a comic annointment for the audience through the use of five Pucks. They chanted in duos, trios, and unison, altering the tone of the speech by the number of pucks actually shouting. And the choreography of the darting, spastic little punkers was spirited. A surprise all night long.

The use of multiple Pucks was balanced by the numerous other faeries in the other world on stage. Scattered about on the ground and in ceiling-high "faery condos," the creatures from the magic kingdom added a soothingly weird potion to the otherwise slaphappy show. Singing and dancing, throwing feathers and seeds, these dreamy characters played an audience onstage to the goings on in the play—one that responded raucously, perhaps as crowds in old Elizabeth's queenly time did. And they almost seemed to cue the real audience to correct response at the silly sitcom situations created by the Athenians.

The Drama Workshop performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was well received by the UMB community. A genuine success, the comedy involved just about the entire Theatre Arts Department and brought Billy Shakespeare to the late twentieth century—to people who might not have seen live Shakespeare before, and who might not follow a straight interpretation. Cute, clever, fast paced, well acted and staged, one can only wonder why this production did not go further, using all the comic ammunition supplied by the playwright himself. Why not? With *A Midsummer Night's Dream* no one really has to worry about covering their bottom. Or making an ass out of themself.



Art?





Boston artist Joe Santai brought his "Aerosol on Paper" exhibit to the UMass Harbor Gallery. Basically, his works make use of everyday spray-paint and wrapping paper to form some kind of disposable art.

Santai explains his works as "contemporary and quick; no sweating nine months over a canvas." He compares his aerosol explorations with American culture. It's fast and painless.

"What I'm getting at is this is the way I see the world to be," Santai says. "We take materials from lives and make some thing. What does it mean?"

Art

Freedom and Responsibility

We asked various professors in the College of Arts and Sciences to respond to the question, "What about art, freedom, and responsibility in the late twentieth century?" As Americans we supposedly have the freedom to create whatever we want, and show it to whomever we please. But what does it mean when we call it art? And what responsibilities are involved in this freedom of expression. We weren't really asking for anything in particular, rather, a more off the cuff remark. We just wanted to hear what was in the air.

Susan McGinley

Theatre

"... Every individual that goes into the theatre needs to have some sort of philosophy that they can present through their theatre work. People have to have a good sense of what they are, what they can do to make the world a better place ... I don't think theatre can necessarily change the directions of the world but we need theatre, music, art and dance, so we don't become complete computer zombies ... Good theatre needs to be ahead of its time, a mirror of who we are and what the problems are ... "

Paul Tucker

Art

"... In this century no artist really effected historical change per se. Perhaps that's not necessarily the artist's role. Artists alter or clarify our conception of history and the present, to provide both a critique and/or a vision of the world. An artist is by very nature not an 'event-maker.' His events are frequently metaphorical ones, metaphorical events which grow out of a deep involvement with the world itself ... "

David Patterson

Music

"... Freedom is a two-sided coin. The play in music is between the control and the freedom; the social and the individual. Certain cultures move more toward the formal, whereas others, like ours, have moved away from the social, formal, to the more informal, improvisation—the individual.

Freedom is a struggle. Americans don't feel committed to the formal, the rules. How far do we have to go before we lose the listener? How free are you as a composer if the audience can't dance to your music ...?"

Jonathon Strong

English

... I don't like statements about art because it's too big and various for that, and luckily artists come in all sorts. They have different intentions in each new work. They're always trying to find the truth of their own fresh vision, whether it's the abstract relationship of certain notes on the piano or what two people said to each other in the heat of an argument. It's more an impulse to their own truth than a sense of responsibility ... "

Carol Calo

Art

"... The problem with social statements in contemporary art is the danger of approaching triviality. Is realism—which many of these artists are adopting—limiting as a style? Does it make painting too anecdotal? The problem for the contemporary artist who is trying to make some type of statement concerning political events or social issues is how to create a statement that is timeless yet addresses the issues of concern ..."

It is important to note that several professors declined to comment. "If I could articulate what I feel about art I would be in the English department," was one off the cuff remark from an art professor who preferred to remain anonymous.



PHOTOPHOBIA:

A PICTURE OF OURSELVES

Almost no one will admit they are scared to death of having their picture taken — at least not until a camera is aimed at their person. This is no exaggeration. One half the human population enjoys having a photo taken, and the other half despises it. A mid-1800's cartoon by Honoré Daumier reveals this by depicting the "Civilized Man" or Ham, smiling it up for the camera; the "Natural Man" or Photophobic, clenches his teeth in primal terror, dragged to the photo session by his wife. From the beginning, man has been divided as such. And UMB, as a representative cross-section of this universe, has responded with similar statistics: Out of the

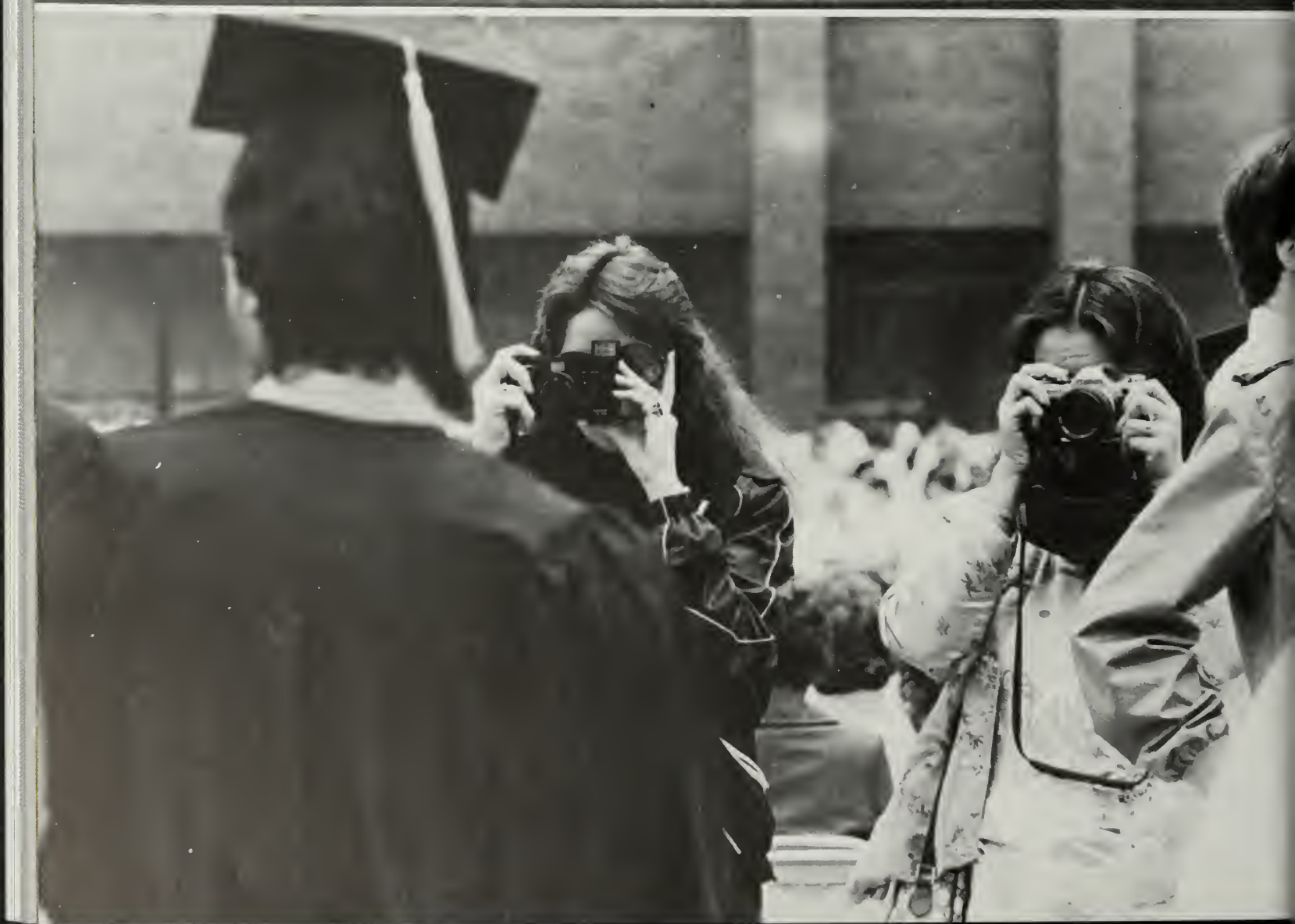
graduating class of 1984, one half showed up for their senior photo.

Professor Sheldon Kalick PHD has recently conducted research involving perceived physical appearance in Yearbook photos. "People don't look their best in college yearbooks," Kalick told the Yearbook. Since his photo data is not yet complete, the Professor's conclusions are not earth shattering, rather, his statements confirm what some might suspect.

"In every case (of yearbook photos) the more physically attractive persons were rated more favorably. Blonds were consistently rated higher; suits were higher than not

dressed up . . . Most people rated the photos equally. Seemingly, there is a standard. People are considered more intelligent wearing eyeglasses than when not . . . There will always be symbolism like power in wearing a black suit to intimidate. These things are generally considered true, more or less."

Kalick's research was designed to test the adage "Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder." His findings so far indicate man's essentially external interpretation of "beauty." "People do have the same idea of beauty," Kalick said. "This is not an ideal world where everyone may have a chance at being found beautiful by someone else."





And if mankind is preoccupied with physical beauty, her fear of looking bad in a photograph can be somewhat understood.

"People are afraid (of cameras) because they don't have control," Kalick said. "People want to have authorship of their own appearance. In the mirror you catch your best angle, tilt the head, twist to a best side. A photo gives up this authorship. We feel that the shutter pressed is really capturing me. You can say, 'Oh that's a bad picture,' but you just cannot dismiss it . . ." Kalick went on to comment "We see these machines as actually reproducing ourselves. A photo fails to capture who we think we are . . . The photo is in control. We surrender our control."

And while most people have only slight manifestations of this Photophobia, traces of such fear are apparent in many. When asked to verify Photophobia at UMB, two professional photographers agreed that people more often than not did not enjoy being photographed. "The hardest thing is to get people to smile," said ID photographer Joel Fowler. "People don't think they look their best when they smile." Cornelia Collins, Senior Photo photographer noted, "I've had them sweat uncontrollably."



A PICTURE OF OUR WORLD

It takes years to develop from the Freshman on an ID Card to the senior in a Yearbook. Years of hard work, dedication, and learning. Every grad had a Major. And each of us will see the world through eyes tinted with the experience of that Major. We have learned, and we use our specialities to better understand the world

Each Senior views photography differently. For History Majors, the first shot of Earth from the Moon triggers that date's importance: A vision of our world as whole, consisting not of separate factions but a human race.

Linguistics Majors understand that "photo" means light, and "graphy" drawing or writing. The harshness of "shoot," "capture an image," and "take a picture" indicate the hostility our language often broadcasts. Education Majors hold photographs suspect, believing them harmful as children grow up seeing their lives



on videotape, learning from T.V., imitating actors. This has already been proven to the Anthropology Major; the corrupting influence of mirrors, poloroids and videotapes on primitive cultures has been documented. And the possibilities of man's own image as tools of blackmail, deception, and slander. A Psychology Major might question the phallic significance of the nose as relating to Michael Jackson's nose job. Marketing spots an industry: thousands of products. Computer Science sees the expansion of image making as similar to the computer's effect on

mathematical ability in this century. Art sees another medium, or the Drive-Thru Burger King of the Image.

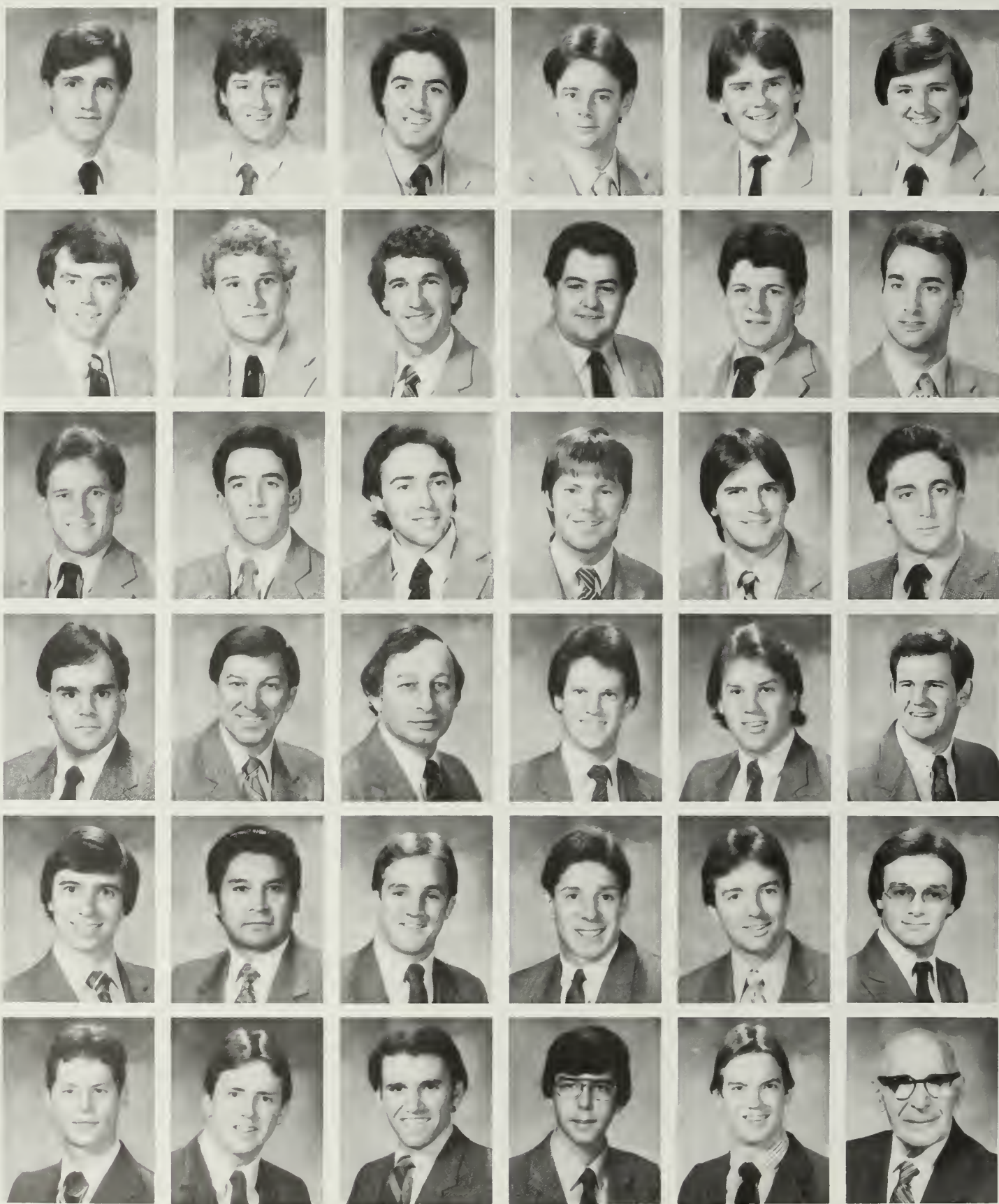
A PICTURE OF OUR FUTURE

A mind's eye picture of the University: A place on the water where we went to school. And this image of college experience can show us more than any book will ever tell.

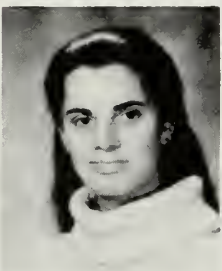
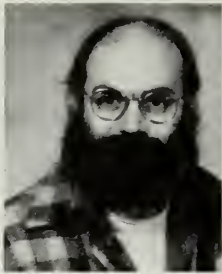
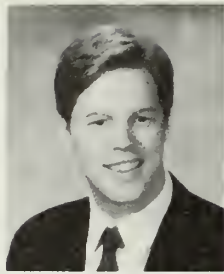
The University is an institution. The University runs on a budget, involves a diverse population with tasks and trials. Food is prepared and consumed; there is a sports center and health service; library and bookstore; guidance counselors, financial aid, politics, President, traffic jams, cops, and bills to pay. The University education includes every aspect of America: rights, rules, freedoms.

Think of 1984. Think of the good times, friends made, and knowledge gained. Imprint on that photosensitive surface the mind the work and perseverance that made graduation successful. Remember the extra effort for that one project that revealed at last your strengths and weaknesses. Remember your capacity to adapt, work with others and by yourself towards a goal and a future.

The real lessons of education come from our everyday experience. We did not just go to school; the University lives in our lives outside as well as inside a classroom. Now take this knowledge, this experience further into the world and ourselves. Take past problems and how you coped and apply this in future difficulties. Take memory of hard work and continue hard work when you start to feel lazy. Take a picture of The University with your memory. You will see similar situations ahead.

























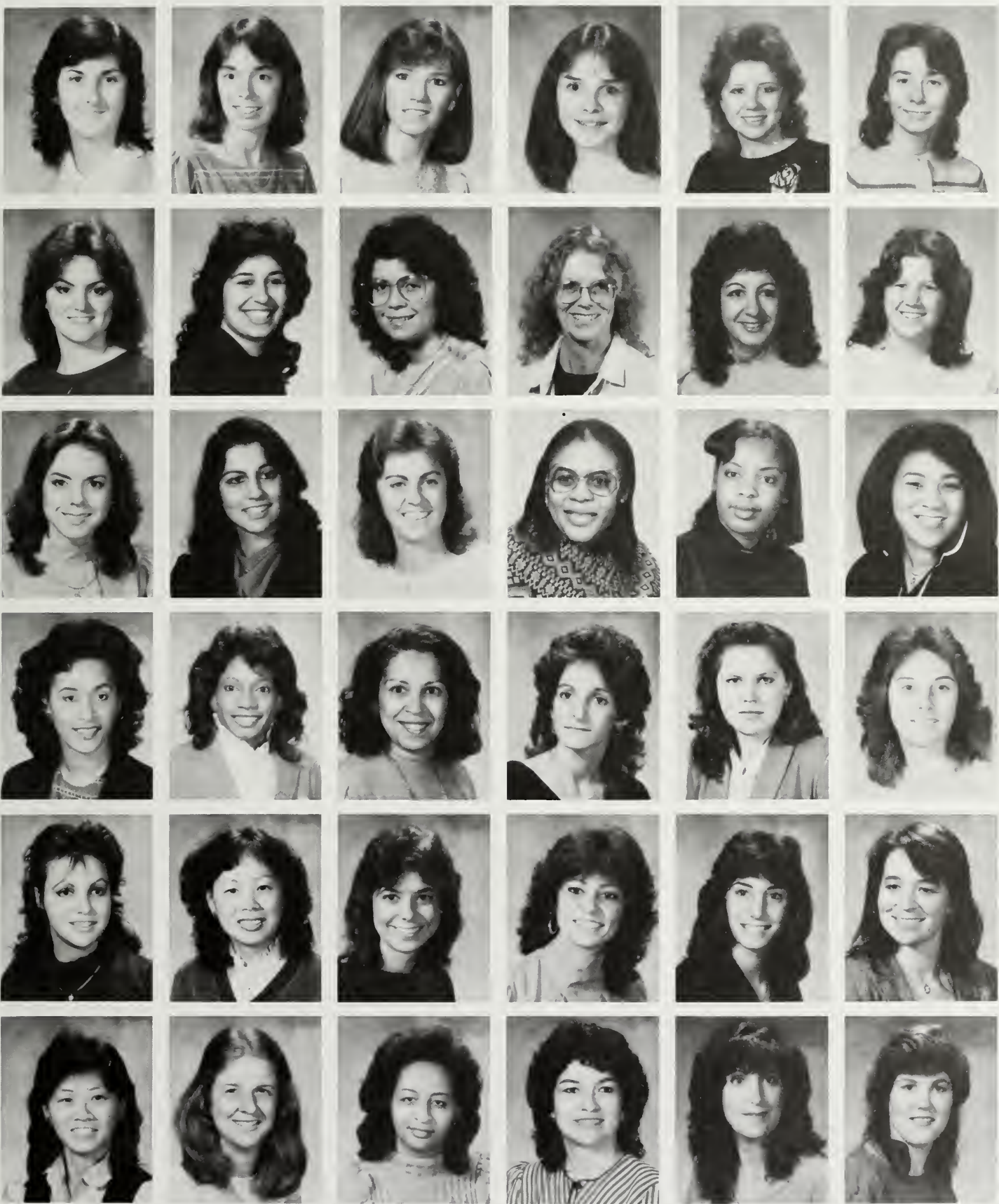










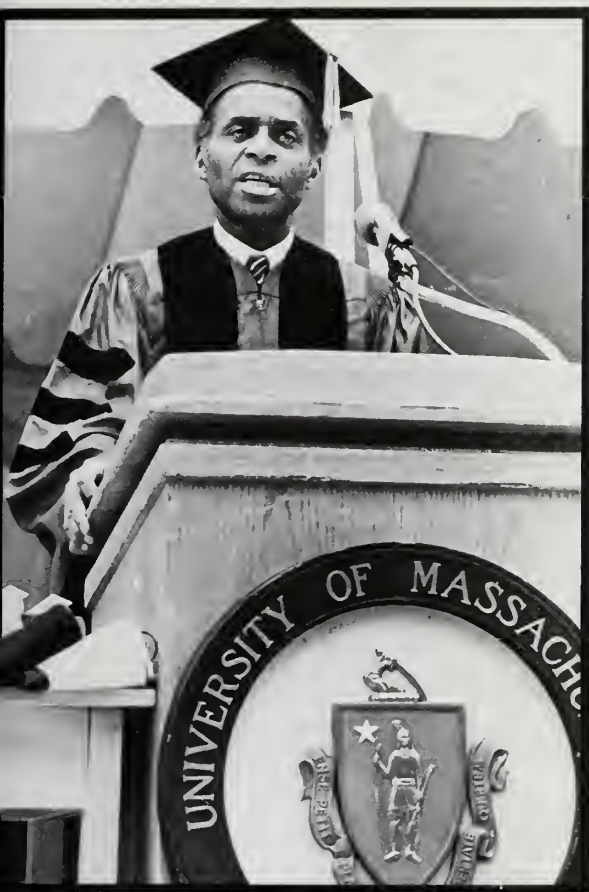






UNIVERSITY
OF
MASSACHUSETTS
AT
BOSTON
CLASS OF 1984

(Attach personal
memorabilia here.)



"The challenge we face, simply put, is to achieve the quality of life that makes life worth living."

These words, spoken by the Honorable David S. Nelson, urged UMB 1984 graduates to continue their strengths towards survival.

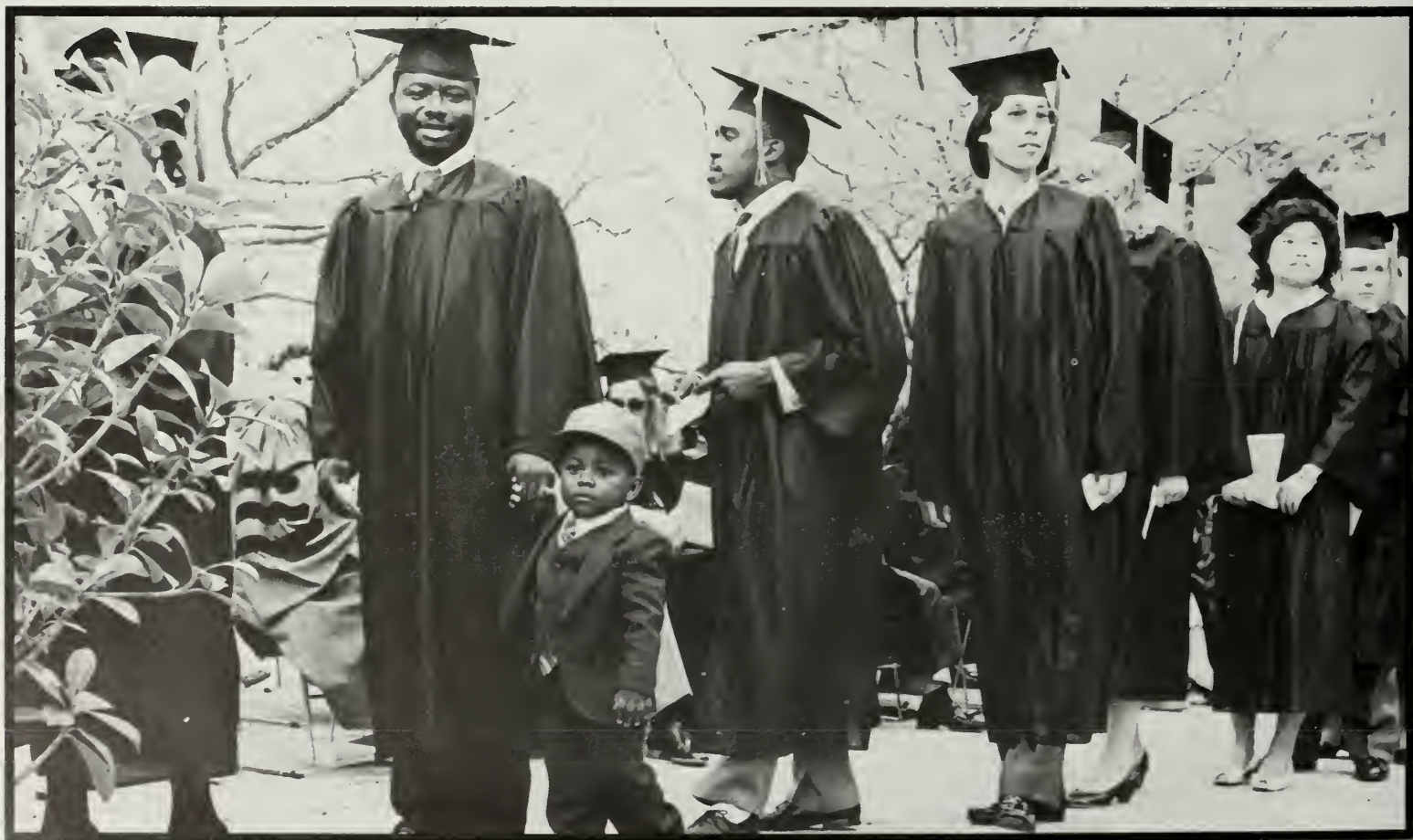
"There are millions upon millions who sense a greater weight to existing on this earth than they think it is worth . . . who survive on the hope that life will get better . . . that the burdens of life will support . . . and that, graced with health, jobs, and decent wages, opportunities for better lifestyles can be forthcoming and they can give fuller attention to the world's survival.

"You have pulled yourselves up by your bootstraps," Nelson said. "You cannot now fail to see the sufferings of those whom you have outstretched and who are without boots.

"Lest you forget: You owe something. You owe more than you borrowed in education loans. You owe more than money. You owe a part of yourself and your future fortune. Now that you take responsibility for yourselves, you must take responsibility for some others."



Pictured, The Most Reverend Bernard F. Law Archbishop of Boston joins Chancellor Corrigan at CPCS Gerontology Program graduation at JFK Library.

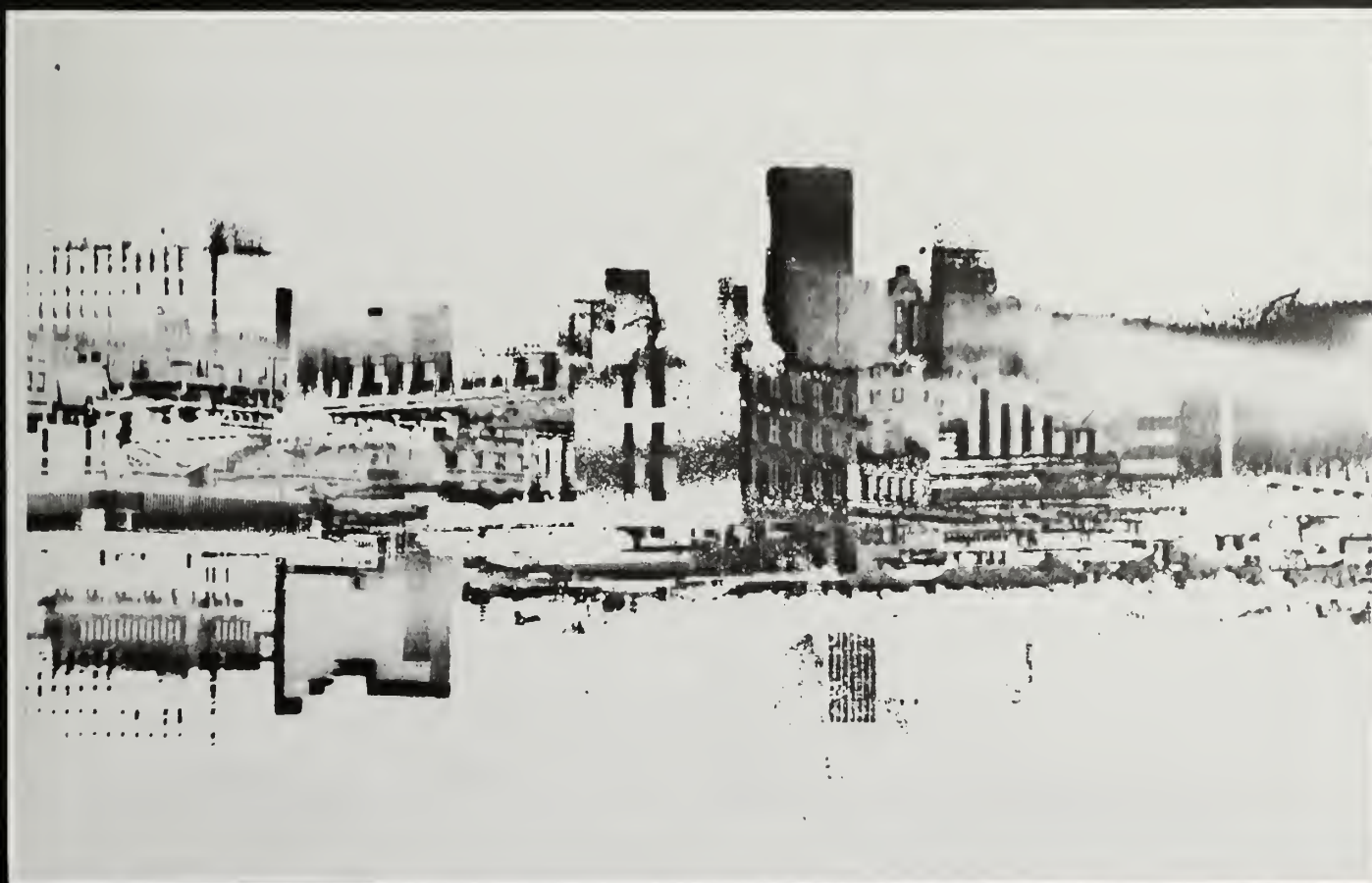




*And just as once upon a time a school
rose from the swamps, so too will these
buildings sink back underwater.*

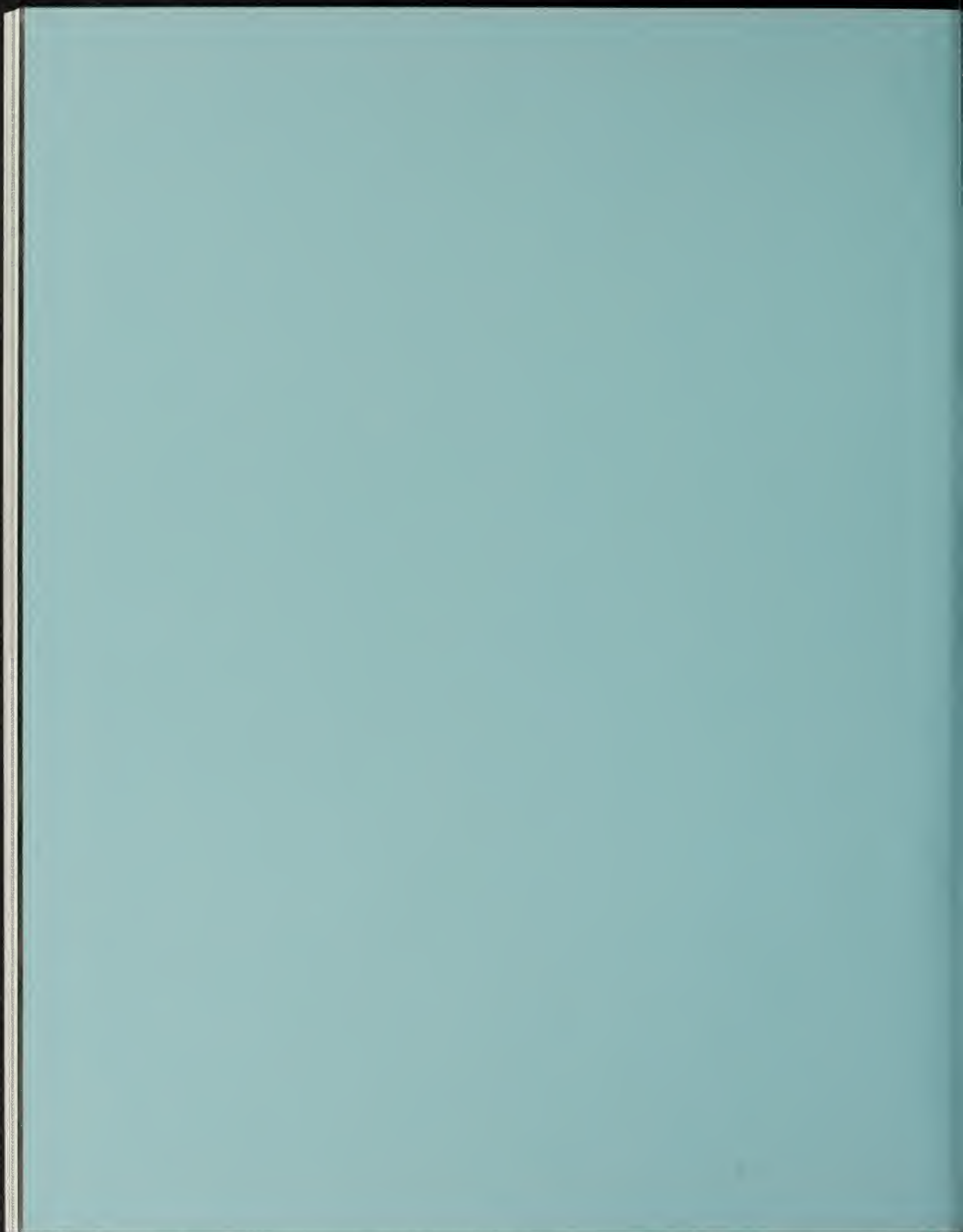


That is if the deterioration happens in time without man's force. A school generates our energy towards the future. The buildings can be destroyed by what is discovered within them. Or we can change the shapes, using all that we've learned.



*The memories of
these years will be
altered—by time as
we age, by our
time as it passes.
But the colors will
not fade.*





1964-1984

